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ONE SHILLING.

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WITH THE KING ON BOARD, IN A RACE WHICH SHE WON: HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT "BRITANNIA" AT COWES.

Cowes Week opened on Bank Holiday, August 2, with the races of the Royal London Yacht Club. The big event of the day, a handicap for yachts of any rig exceeding 75 tons, was won by the King's 221-ton cutter, "Britannia," which led throughout and won by about 1½ minutes from Mr. Warwick Brookes's

"Susanne." The course was 39 miles, and "Britannia's" time was 2 hours 15 minutes 7 seconds. Our photograph shows her leading in the first round. With his Majesty on board were the Duke of York, Princess Mary, and the Duke of Connaught. "Britannia" had a new skipper, Captain Lewett.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ONE of the immemorial misquotations of the world was accidentally repeated, and handsomely acknowledged, the other day by an excellent writer in the daily Press. People continue to talk about going to fresh fields and pastures new, being themselves content with a pasture of stale verbiage, and never entering so fresh a field as the poem of "Lycidas." And so they continue to repeat the catchword that the Catechism bids a man be contented in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him, when they themselves are only being almost brutally contented with that state of muddle and misrepresentation in which it has pleased the last gossip to hand on the tag. The form the misquotation took in this case was a statement that the Prayer Book bids all classes be satisfied with that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them. The Prayer Book, of course, says nothing remotely resembling this. It says nothing whatever about classes; on the contrary, it implies that the same Catechism is applicable indifferently to every sort of individual. It says nothing whatever about satisfaction; on the contrary, it implies, if anything, that people will not be satisfied to remain static. The exact words of the Catechism are "and do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me." That is to say, if a crossing-sweeper is raised by a revolution to be president of a republic, he shall do whatever a president ought to do, as he does whatever a crossing-sweeper ought to do. That is all the Prayer Book can possibly be held to say or imply; and, if that is not common sense, I do not know what is. Its sole possible meaning is that, wherever a man may find himself, there is a moral duty to be done.

The one thing that is generally *not* true about the old religious formulae is the one thing that is always said against them. It is generally *not* true of them that they are conspicuously "dated," as compared with other definitions or documents. It is generally *not* true of them that they bear the forms and fashions of a past age, as compared with the phrases of this age. Our own talk of social science and social reform is far more of a fugitive fashion than even the forgotten dogmas of a false religion. Religion, true or false, always professes to deal with all mankind. Politics, good or bad, generally only profess to deal with a small part of mankind. Even a narrow religion has to be as wide as the world. But it is not true, for instance, that our own economic controversies, which divide the world into Capital and Labour, are as wide as the world. They are very much narrower than the world, for they have to leave out a great part of the world, and especially the history of the world. They leave out slavery, they leave out peasantry; as I should put it, they leave out property—not to mention liberty. When we talk about Capital and Labour, we do not merely assume the abstract existence of Capital and Labour, as economic elements and essentials—as, of course, they are. When we talk of Capital and Labour, we assume the concrete existence of Capitalists and Labourers. We assume that there are always profiteers, who might take rather less profits; and wage-earners, who might get rather more wages. But in fact these things have no more been universal than trams or top-hats. There have been guilds, there have been slaves, there

have been all sorts of things. It is our worldly wisdom that is narrow and limited to its time. It is our worldly work which is fixed in a formula that a little change can falsify. It is the affairs of this world that are incessantly and eternally out of date, and the fashion of this world that passeth away.

Now, if we look at the old doctrinal forms, even the false ones, we shall generally find that men have taken much more trouble to cover the whole ground and consider the question as a whole. As in that one case from the Catechism, it is not only more cautious, but more comprehensive, than it looks. The reader has to look at it twice to see how obvious it is. He has to look at it with a

rather than devotional; they are topical rather than eternal. But turn to any of the moral clauses, such as that about military service, and you will see what I mean when I say that the men of that age were far less limited by their age. The article merely states that a Christian may lawfully bear arms at the command of the magistrate; but in this one thing alone we can perceive a thousand things. We can perceive that the writer knew all about Conches and the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the philosophy of Tolstoy and the Peace Ship of Mr. Ford—about them or their equivalents. We can perceive that he knew all about republics and revolutions and self-determination and making the world safe for democracy—about them or their equivalents. He himself was probably a most loyal subject of the King, perhaps a man of the Court and the Cavalier party. But he does not say a Christian must fight for the King. He says he must fight for the magistrate, knowing well that the definition has to include the Doge of Venice, the democratic Council of Florence, the Communes of Switzerland, the Statholder of Holland. Consequently, what he wrote can still be read and understood and even applied. You could walk up to Mr. Clifford Allen in the middle of the great war and say to him in a loud and clear voice, "It is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the magistrate, to wear weapons and serve in the wars."

Now, it is by no means so certain, it is by no means even likely, that some sentence from a Bolshevik pamphlet or a Capitalist newspaper will in the same way make any sense three or four hundred years hence. The Bolshevik formula that called poor men proletarians will be meaningless if they are all peasants or if they are all slaves. The Capitalist sentiment about harmonious relations between Capital and Labour will be meaningless if every ordinary man is both a capitalist and a labourer. But men will still know at least what we meant if we said that the soul is immortal, or that the will is free, or that a Christian may wear arms at the command of the magistrate, or that a Christian should do his duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call him.

It is a curious paradox that those who most confidently make predictions of the future do not really make provisions for the future. They very seldom seem to reflect whether the jargon and jargonese of their politics and sociology will be applicable, or even intelligible, to a society that has undergone great and searching changes. Even the revolutionists do not reckon on revolutions. Indeed, they seem to be especially the sort of people who do not really even anticipate revolutions. All their writing is in a half-topical and half-technical phraseology that may easily become much more mysterious than a secret language. They will leave no monuments behind them, unless they be monuments inscribed with symbols more inscrutable than Babylonian cuneiform. If they do indeed benefit the world, the world will hardly be able to thank them. And amid all this passing welter of words, it would be curious to speculate on the few and simple fragments of poetry and prose, hidden here and there among us, which will survive because they touch only on eternal things.



PROMISING BOLSHEVIST AID TO HIS SUPPORTERS: MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA, THE TURKISH NATIONALIST DICTATOR, AT ANGORA.

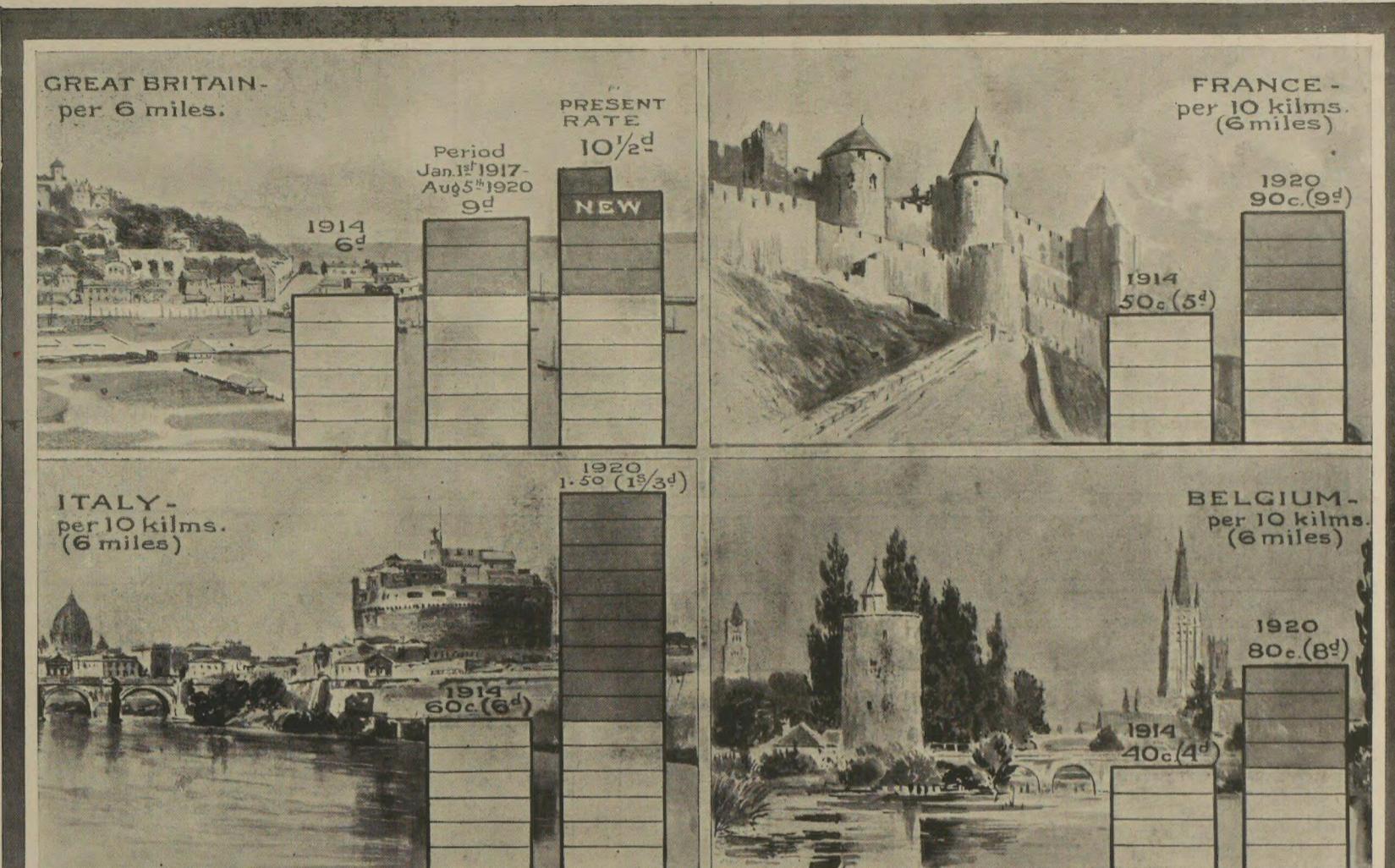
Mustapha Kemal's latest proclamations promised his supporters Bolshevik aid within three months, and condoned the Bolshevik massacre of Moslems at Elizabetpol as a punishment for plotting to sell Azerbaijan to the British. The National Assembly at Angora (Asia Minor) recently elected him Dictator. He declared the Mudros armistice null and void, ordered a general conscription, and declared that the Allies' Turkish policy would fail. A Greek communiqué of July 28 described another defeat of his troops near Brusa. The above photograph was taken at Angora during his conference with representatives of the French High Commissioner in Syria for the purpose of stopping Franco-Turkish hostilities. Mustapha Kemal, it is said, is not a Turk by birth, but a Roumeliot or Macedonian, of Slav type, with fair hair and blue eyes.

magnifying glass to see how large it is. The writer does not say, and has been particularly careful not to say, the thing which the reader will loosely remember him as saying. Hence we have a mad gallop of misquotations, which all the commentators in the world can never catch up.

In its very worst period all theology contained some philosophy. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which were in this respect distracted and diseased, had at worst something of this wide outlook on men as men under a common daylight, even if the daylight were growing dark. I will take another example from the same Prayer Book, but from a part that I like much less. The Thirty-Nine Articles are the least representative part of the Prayer Book. They are Calvinist rather than Catholic; they are controversial

RAIL FARES HERE AND ABROAD: OUR LOWER RATE OF INCREASE.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.



Present Cost of Travel by Rail (3rd Class) per 10 kilometres (6-210 miles) compared with Cost in 1914.

Holiday Resorts.	Distance from LONDON	Return Fare 1914	Period Jan. 1 st 1917 - Aug 5 th 1920	NEW Return Fare	Tourist 1914	Week-end 1914	Excursions 1914	Motor Coach 1920
ABERDEEN	523 miles	78/9	118/2	£6. 17. 10	56/-	50/-	38/- (6 days)	- ?
LLANDUDNO	227 miles	37/9	56/8	£3. 6. 1	34/9	25/3	19/- (5 days)	- ?
SKEGNESS	131½ miles	21/10	32/9	£1. 18. 3	16/-	9/-	3/3 (day)	- ?
ILFRACOMBE	226½ miles	33/8	50/6	£2. 18. 11	30/-	22/6	-	- ?
BRIGHTON	50½ miles	8/5	12/8	14. 9	8/5	7/-	3/- (day)	21/-
BOURNEMOUTH	107 miles	16/-	24/-	£1. 8. 0	16/-	12/-	5/-	30/-
EASTBOURNE	66 miles	9/6	14/3	16. 8	9/4	8/-	4/-	20/-
STRATFORD-ON-AVON	103 miles	16/10	25/3	£1. 9. 6	15/9	11/3	7/- (day) 4/6 (half-day)	?

Cost of Present 3rd Class Return Fares by Rail from London compared with Cost in 1914, etc.



THE HIGHER COST OF TRAVEL: BRITISH AND ALLIED RAILWAYS; MOTOR-COACHES; AIR SERVICES.

Holiday-makers have naturally been much perturbed over the Government's decision to introduce an increase of twopence in the shilling on railway fares, as from August 6. On July 28 a monster protest reached the Prime Minister's house, collected from 443,952 petitioners, with resolutions from sixty-five local councils, representing a population of 4,410,000. Replying next day to a question in the House regarding the increase, Mr. Lloyd George said: "Undoubtedly it bears hardly upon everybody in the community who has to travel, but when wages go up at the prodigious rate they have done within the last two or three years,

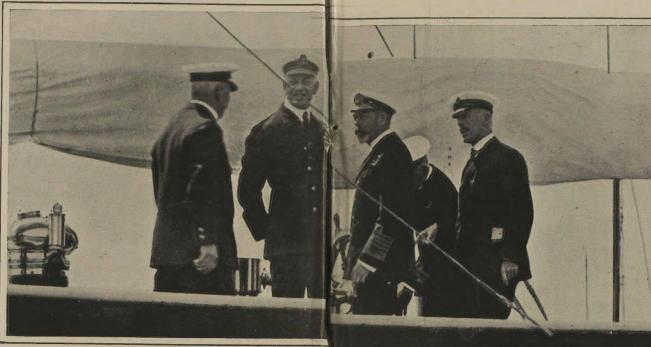
and when materials go up, you have to put it on the taxpayer or upon the community." A study of the figures given in the upper diagrams above will show that we are better off in this respect than some of our Allies on the Continent. In France and Belgium, although the actual fares are lower than ours, still the percentage of increase since 1914 is greater, while in Italy the actual fares as well are much higher. The other diagrams illustrate the increase in fares to various popular resorts, and the relative cost of motor-coach and air travel as compared with railways.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ALL-BRITISH—AND THE FIRST ROYAL COWES SINCE 1913: PERSONALITIES AT THE FAMOUS REGATTA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY B.I., S. AND
N.A., C.P., AND CRIBB.



LANDING AT EAST COWES: THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



ON BOARD HIS WINNING YACHT "BRITANNIA": THE KING.



A GROUP OF ENTHUSISTS: LORD READING, THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, AND LADY BEATTY.



A WELL-KNOWN PERSONALITY
LORD IVEAUGH.



THE VICE-COMMODORE: SIR RICHARD WILLIAMS
BULKELEY.



THE NEW COMMODORE: THE
DUKE OF LEEDS.



WITH A YOUNG ENTHUSIAST: THE HON.
GEORGE COVILLE.



WITH HIS WIFE: COL. WYNDHAM
QUIN.



A WELL-KNOWN YACHTSMAN:
MAJOR PHILIP HUNLOKE, M.V.O.



WITH ONE OF THEIR SONS:
LORD AND LADY ARRAN.



COMING ASHORE: LORD
CRAVEN.



ON BOARD THE "NYRIA": (L. TO R.) MR. WORKMAN, MASTER TOMMY WORKMAN, MISS
WORKMAN; MR. ANDREAL; MR. WATSON; AND MRS. WORKMAN (OWNER).



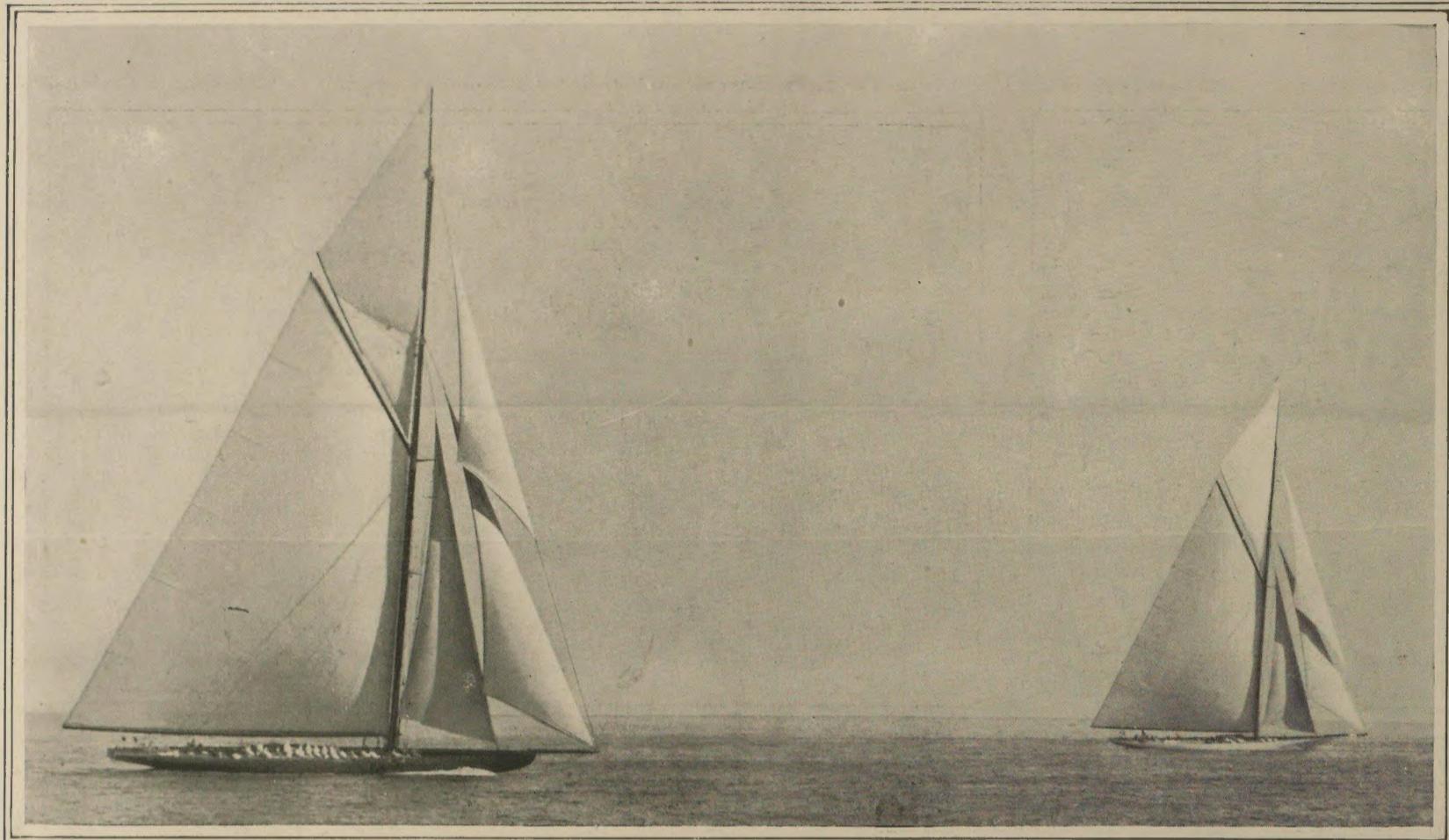
THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" 1920 GROUP: THE KING AND QUEEN, PRINCE
MARY TREPUFIS (LEFT), AND THE
OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL YACHT.



COMING ASHORE WITH HER CHILDREN: THE HON.
MR. ERNEST GUINNESS.

In spite of the overcast weather of the opening day, and of the relatively small number of craft in the harbour, Cowes Regatta has proved, socially at least, not far short of the last brilliant gathering of 1913. All accommodation in Cowes was booked up weeks ahead of the Regatta, and the Isle of Wight or Bank Holiday was described as being "a piece of land entirely surrounded by pleasure-makers." The King, whose love of the sea is well known, is no fair-weather patron of yachting. Along with the Duke of Connaught, his Majesty was aboard his racing cutter "Britannia," which won the Royal London Yacht Club Cup for him in a great race. Princess Mary and the Duke of York accompanied their father, and the Queen watched the racing from the royal yacht "Victoria and Albert." The presence of their Majesties at the great yachting festival,

for the first time since 1913, revives a very old custom of the late Queen Victoria and the late King Edward VII. Before the war Cowes was an international festival—this year the entries are exclusively British. Our group of the royal party on board the "Victoria and Albert" includes Rear-Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand, K.C.M.G., C.B., etc., who commands his Majesty's yachts. The party on board the "Nyria" shows the lady owner of that famous racing craft, with her family. Other well-known personalities pictured include the beautiful young Duchess of Sutherland; the Earl and Countess of Arran; the Earl of Reading; Lady Beatty; the Hon. George Coville, brother of Lord Coville; Lord Craven; Lord Ivesagh; and the Commodore and Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron—the Duke of Leeds and Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley.

The America's Cup: The Second Race, when the Wind Failed—Resolute Leading.

STOPPED BY THE SIX HOURS' TIME LIMIT AFTER TWENTY-TWO MILES HAD BEEN SAILED: "RESOLUTE" (ON THE RIGHT) AHEAD OF "SHAMROCK IV." AT THE NINE-MILE MARK.

The second race for the America's Cup on Saturday, July 17, failed owing to the wind dropping, which prevented the race finishing within the time limit of six hours, and in consequence it was called off. The course was a triangular one of

thirty miles, and "Resolute" (with a light wind) was ahead at the first mark. The wind freshened, and "Shamrock IV." was catching up, when the wind died away and both boats drifted idly until time was called.—[PHOTO. UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.]

"One of those Giant Figures who Lose Nationality in Death": Abraham Lincoln.

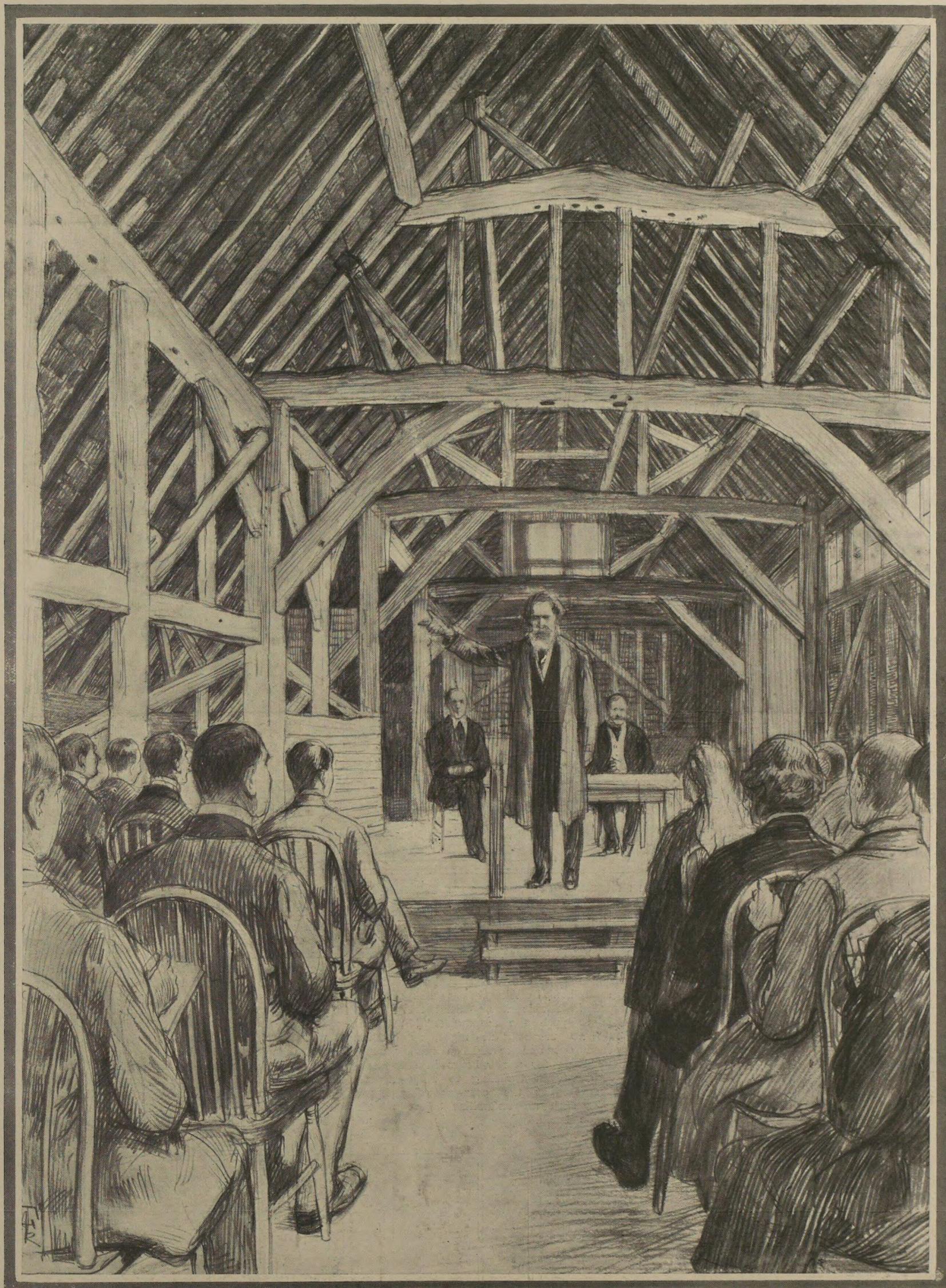
THE GIFT OF THE UNITED STATES TO BRITAIN: A REPLICA OF THE CHICAGO STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BY ST. GAUDENS, UNVEILED BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT WESTMINSTER ON JULY 28.

Before the unveiling, Mr. Elihu Root, at a meeting in the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament presided over by Lord Bryce, formally presented the statue to the British people on behalf of the United States. Mr. Lloyd George, as Premier, accepted it on behalf of the British Empire. In his speech Mr. Root said Lincoln was "of English blood," and "of English speech." He had "the

qualities that have made both Britain and America great. . . . The statue of Lincoln the American stands, as of right, before the old Abbey where sleep the great of Britain's history." Mr. Lloyd George in his reply said: "Lincoln in life was a great American. He is an American no longer. He is one of those giant figures . . . who lose their nationality in death."—[PHOTOGRAPH BY REGINALD SILK.]

BUILT OF THE "MAYFLOWER'S" TIMBERS? A BARN AT JORDANS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



IN THE BARN HE BELIEVES BUILT OF "MAYFLOWER" TIMBERS: DR. RENDEL HARRIS LECTURING AT JORDANS.

Great interest has been aroused by Dr. Rendel Harris's theory that the timbers of a barn at Old Jordans Hostel, in Buckinghamshire, belonging to the Society of Friends, came from the historic "Mayflower," which carried the Pilgrim Fathers to America in 1620. Our artist, Mr. Forestier, who was present at the lecture, suggests some points for further investigation. Dr. Harris stated that the "Mayflower" was broken up in 1624 at Rotherhithe, and that her port of registry was Harwich, but he did not give her age. Wooden ships live long, and if the "Mayflower" was broken up at that date, she was probably launched a good

many years before—a fact that could presumably be ascertained from Harwich records. Dr. Harris also mentioned that on part of the barn woodwork are three letters rudely carved, which he thinks are HAR, the first syllable of "Harwich." Now it is also said that the ship was a Yarmouth whaler, so they might be the three first letters of "Yarmouth." A shipbuilder declared that the timbers came from a schooner-rigged ship. Mr. Forestier points out that the word "schooner" was first adopted in America in 1713, and that such rigging was not, he believes, used in Elizabethan times.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

The Sudan and Eritrea from a Lorry.

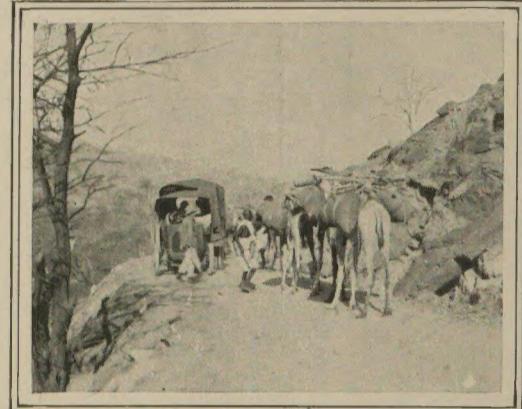
By ROSITA FORBES.

THERE is a Sudan beloved of Government officials and young officers, who hope to add big-game shooting to their daily tasks. It has a capital city, where one may dance and play polo and talk about the problem of the Cape to Cairo Railway in between iced drinks in a shady club garden.

There is also another Sudan, less known and far less beloved. This land of waterless sand, broken up by great khors and sparse thickets of thorny mimosa scrub, sweeps east from Wad Medeni, some hundred miles south of Khartoum on the Blue Nile, to the borders of mountainous Eritrea. An age-old caravan track bears the scanty commerce of the scattered tribes from the Nile's sluggish waters to Gedaref, 130 miles away, where a hardy Sudanese regiment cheerfully drills on a treeless waste. Still further it goes through an equal length of desert to Kassala amidst its dense palms, under the shelter of strange hills; and thence it is but twenty miles to Sabderat, the frontier of Italian Abyssinia, whence a few narrow tracks plunge headlong into the mountains beyond. Long lines of camels throughout the ages have borne doura and hides along the broken trail which unites the great river of the Sudan and Massawa, Eritrea's port on the Red Sea. Lately the Italians have pushed their light camions from their capital, Asmara, down into the western gorges, and touring cars from Khartoum have borne desperately important individuals some distance east, to the astonishment of the fuzz-headed natives. It was still, however, an amazing feat for a thirty horse-power Fiat lorry (carrying a ton and a half of stores, petrol, water, bedding, and camp outfit) to complete the journey between Wad Medeni and Massawa in twelve days with a temperature of 108 in the shade. The distance, which has not been surveyed, is something over 650 miles, and after the stupendous effort of crossing the Nile at low water, which leaves 200 yards of soft sand to be worked across by means of metal nets and planks, the car had to get through the Rahat, Atbara, and Gash rivers in the Sudan and those of Barca, Dougolabas, Az Teclezan in Eritrea. Besides these, the track is cut up by endless deep khors with almost perpendicular banks, often bordered by a quarter of a mile of practically impassable sand. Water in large quantities had to be carried, as the radiator needed refilling every tedious hour. The petrol purchasable in the Sudan is of poor quality and endlessly fouls the carburettor, while the oil is reduced by the intense heat to the thinnest possible liquid, which is of little use to overheated engines. In spite of all these difficulties, the journey was accomplished last spring for the first time.

Wad Medeni in late March, and a blazing sun beating down on the Nile River. Laden camels roaring as their dark-skinned owners beat them to their knees beside the ford. Scarlet-flowered pepper-trees, and the welcome green of the mudiria gardens to refresh the eye. Groups of women in closely-wound blue robes, a heavy-studded ring in their nostrils, the great clay burma (water-pot) on their heads. A bearded Sheikh on a white

donkey, and a few Soudani soldiers black as coal. All these are watching, watching with as much scorn (for all things new) as curiosity, the perspiring efforts of fifty stalwart natives to push a motor over the 800 yards of sand separating the river from the high bank to which it will rise in flood-



THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW WAY: TRANSPORT ON AZ TECLEZAN, ERITREA.

time. All day long they have laboured, and inch by inch it has crept forward over breaking plank and metal net till only pickaxe and spade are necessary to help it up the last steep slope. Sunset fading purple over thorn and cactus, and at long last the lorry started away into the desert on its 600-mile journey, but a moonless night arrested its course, with a dozen diverging tracks. Faint beating of drums from an invisible village, where round straw and cane huts with pointed roofs

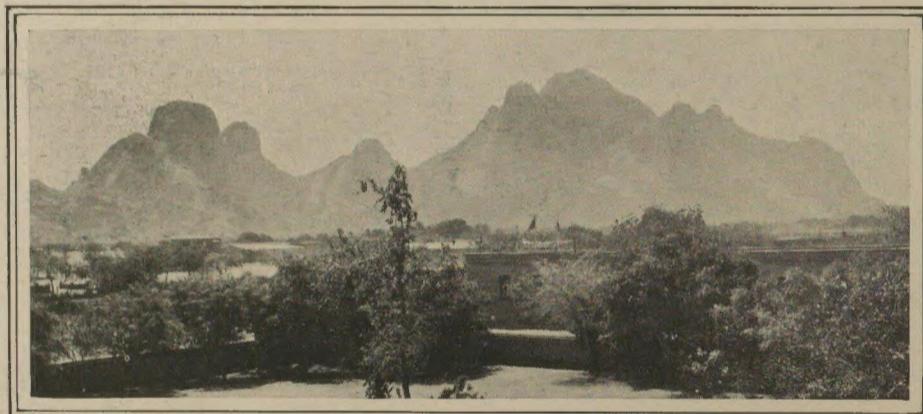
Morning showed us the track away to the left, and we plunged back on to it with the enthusiastic aid of all the village muscle, and sped steadily on through desolate scrub, interspersed with occasional flocks of immense grey cranes, who let us get quite near before they winged stately away; past the camel corps returning at that unending four-mile-an-hour jog; across the Rahat river-bed between feathery pepper-trees to Sherif Yacoub and the rest-house, consisting of two or three thatched mushrooms within a caned fence. We shared it for one hot mid-day siesta with an Effendi travelling ponderously in a sort of mat-covered cage on the back of a camel. The Sherif (a holy man who may not drink or smoke, and whose political proclivities sometimes land him in prison) took me to his house and introduced me to many blue-robed women wearing heavy gold coins as necklaces, who made me coffee flavoured strongly with cloves and cinnamon, poured through straw out of a long-necked clay pot, and sweet lemon-water in a gourd. Through chinks in wall and door peeped the boys of the village, some of their faces still sore with the newly-inflicted tribal scars by which you may tell a man's race and people. Thus the Rubatab and Jaalin tribes have three upright cuts down each cheek, while the Dongolawi and the Shaigia have three vertical ones, and the Abdatab join one cross one to the Rubatab three. We bought milk and eggs and chickens, the latter for a shilling (five piastres) each, and set forth again in the afternoon accompanied by the "Hullalocean" of the women, who make this crooning, gurgling call and click their fingers above their heads when travellers depart. On every side spread out the red-barked mimosa, devoid of flower but covered with huge white thorns on grey stalks, and ever

the red sand trail opened monotonously in front of us, melting occasionally into a mirage of quivering azure water, or obstructed by a line of baggage camels tied head to tail and laden with scarce doura or provisions for Gedaref.

The second night found us once again without a lodging. We had hoped to reach the wells at Fau, equidistant between Wad Medeni and Gedaref; but, as we had no lamps of any sort, driving by wavering starlight became too dangerous, and we were obliged to halt in the open desert. However, we roasted our chickens merrily, and

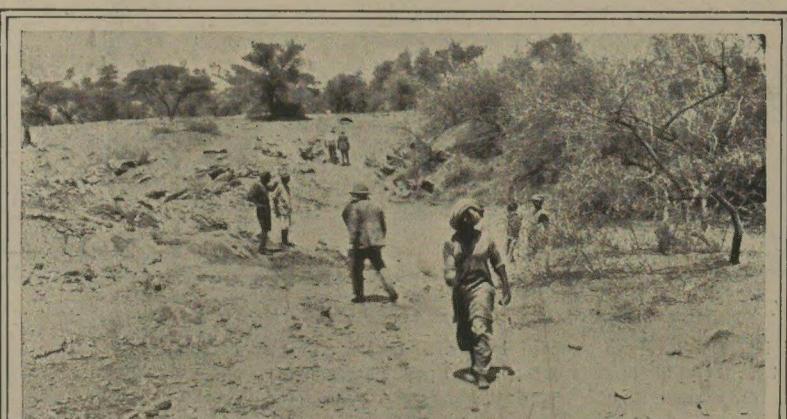
Mahomed, Abdullah, and Osman—each blacker and more widely smiling than the other—made too-strong tea and boiled eggs amid the ashes. Mahomed boasts the Shilluk (tribal scars) of the Dongolawi, but Abdullah knows not whence he comes. He is a nomad from the Red Sea Province, having been, as a baby, part of the "loot" of some punitive expedition—a small black atom left by the roadside by fleeing parents. Osman, when he removes his indifferently clean turban, reveals a shaven head save for one woolly tuft which indicates that he has not paid the sum due to his village headman on birth, circumcision, or marriage. Some never pay this tax, if they are very poor, and all their lives bear testimony to the fact in this tuft of curly hair.

(To be continued.)

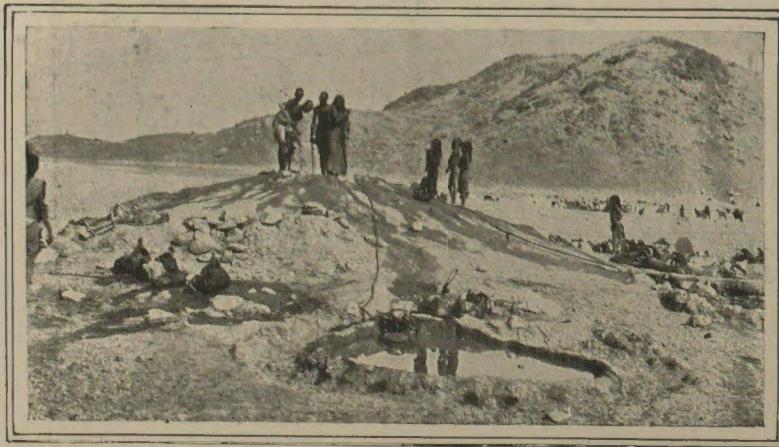


"UNDER THE SHELTER OF STRANGE HILLS": THE KASSALA MOUNTAINS.

(*tukls*) hid behind fences of cane and branches. Small naked boys doubtfully approached the panting monster. The Sheikh (in the red robe of good conduct, given by a paternal Government) offered advice, and the lorry started again, to end its adventurous career in a sand bank! Almost the first sentence I learned in Arabic was, "Send many men at once to push the automobile"! It was too late to use it that night, so bedding was pulled out and spread on hard ground, and one slept for a few hours in soft darkness without even troubling to make a fire, feeling sure that the ever-prowling hyena would give such an unfamiliar object as the car a wide berth.



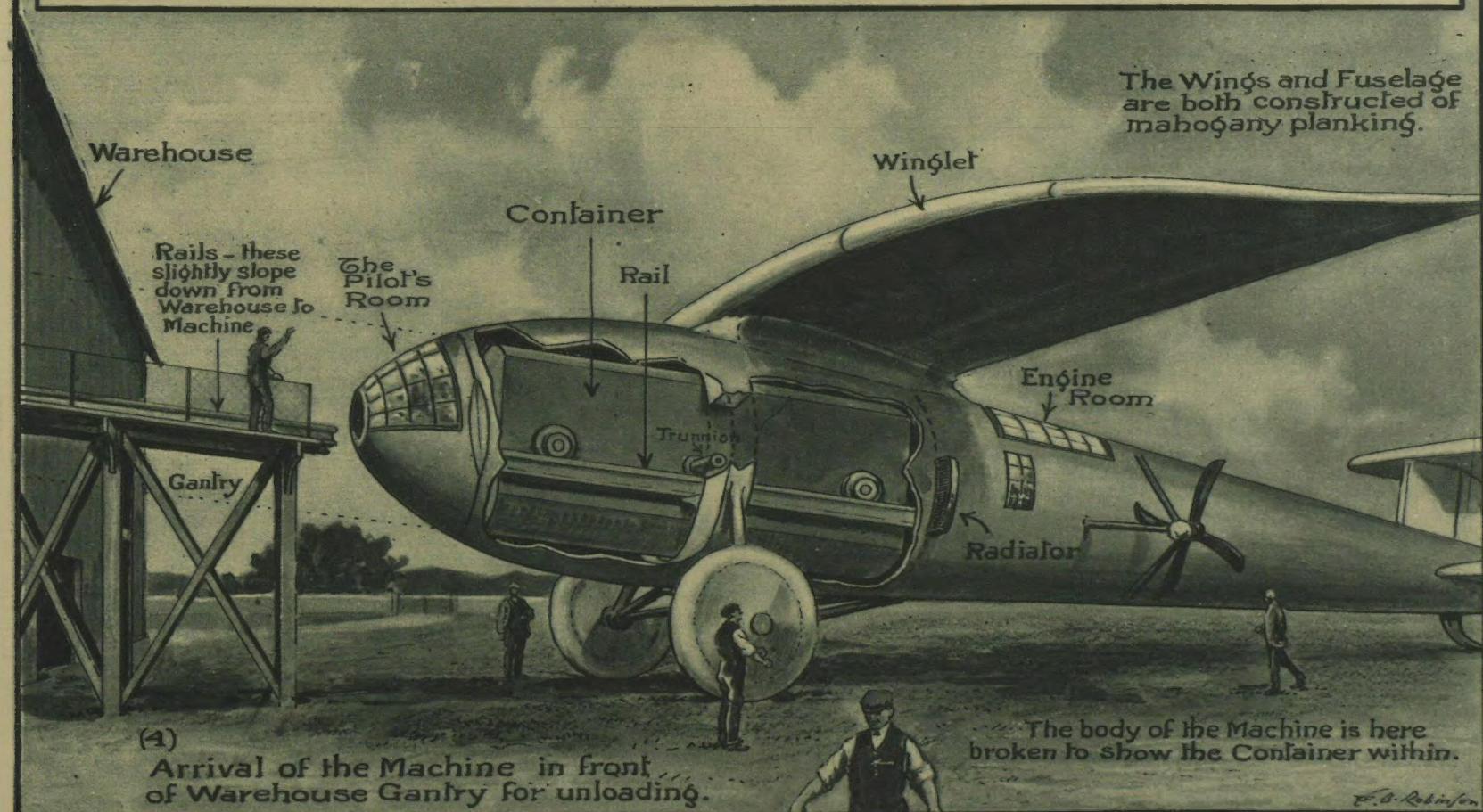
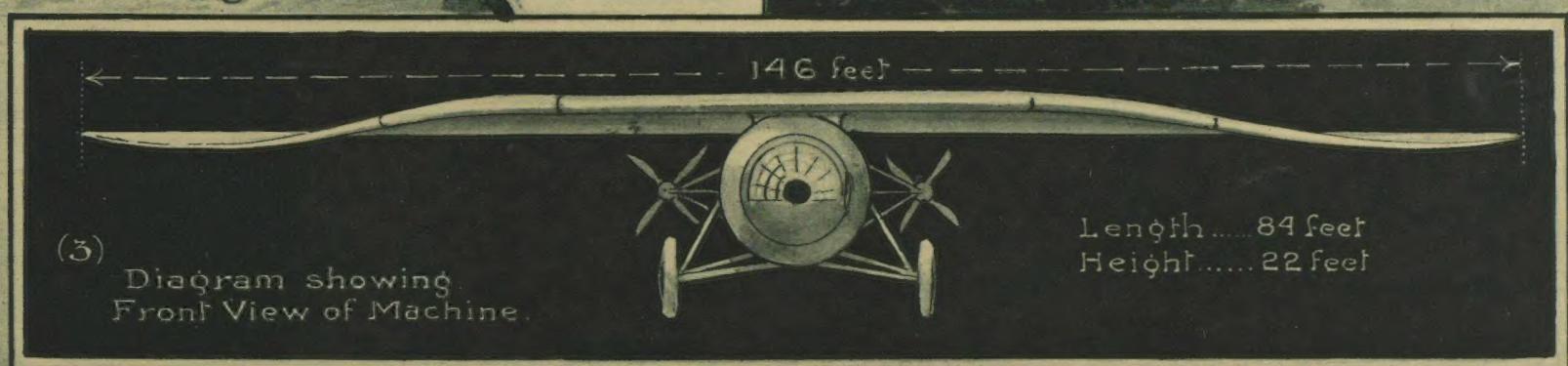
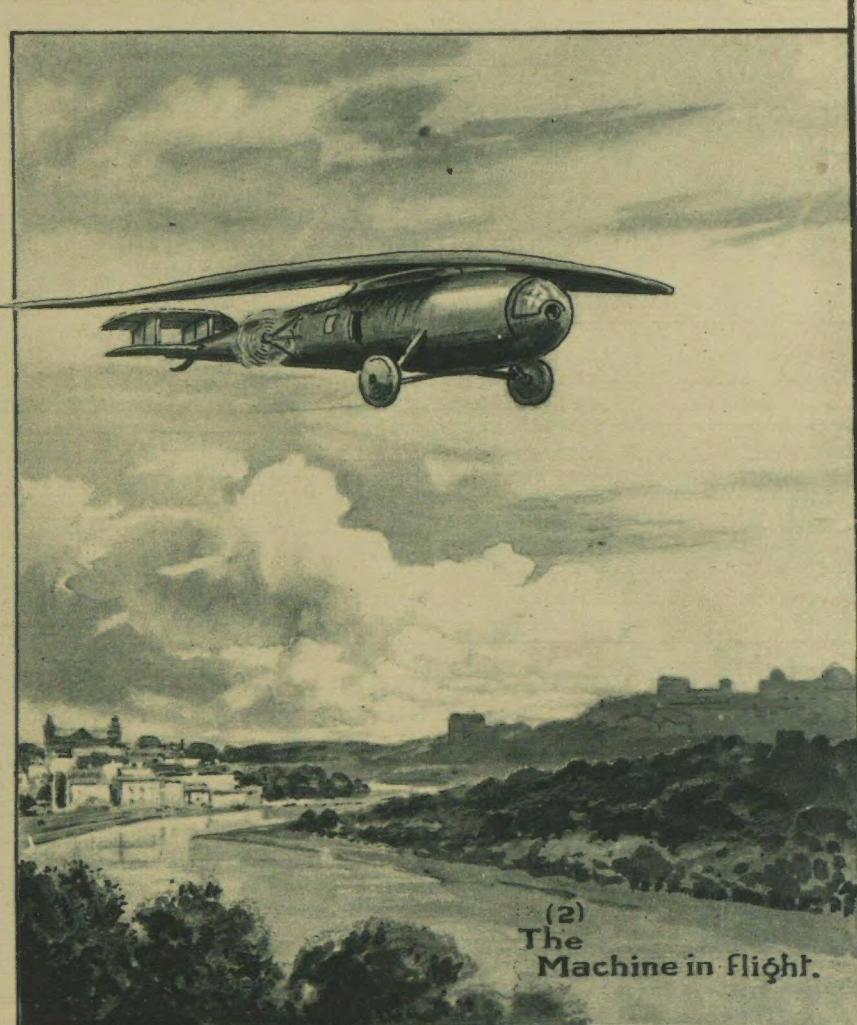
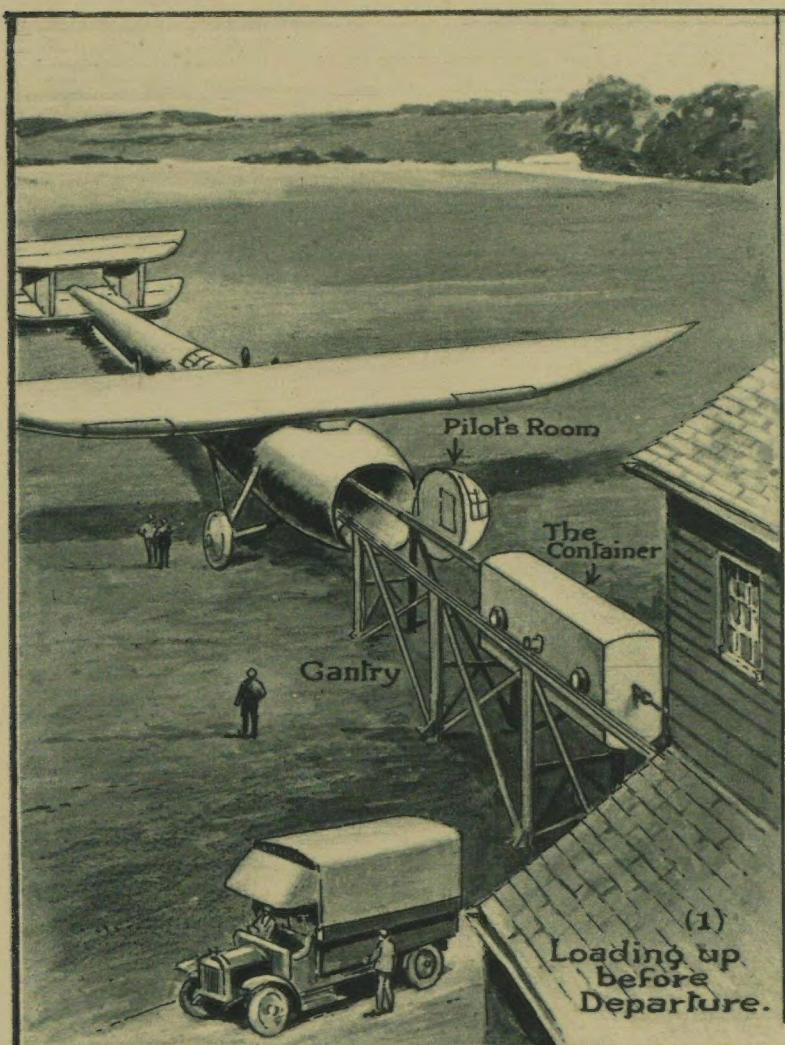
A REGION REMINISCENT OF KITCHENER'S WARS: THE SANDS OF ATBARA.



HALF-WAY BETWEEN WAD MEDENI AND GEDAREF: THE WELLS AT FAU.

THE "FLYING TRAMP": A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN CARGO AEROPLANES.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE BLACKBURN AEROPLANE AND MOTOR CO., LTD.



1. SHOWING THE NOSE OF THE MACHINE OPENED ON A HINGE, FOR THE CARGO CONTAINER TO BE INSERTED: LOADING UP BEFORE THE START.
2. WITH A NEW TYPE OF WING CAPABLE OF GIVING 35 PER CENT. MORE ACTUAL LIFT THAN ANY ORDINARY PLANE: THE 4-TON FLYING TRAMP IN FLIGHT.

A new aeroplane wing, satisfactorily tested by the Blackburn Aeroplane and Motor-Car Co., of Leeds, makes possible larger loads and cheaper service, and will give a great stimulus to commercial aviation. The new wing, known as the "Alula," is the production of the Aeroplane Wing Syndicate. It is bird-like in appearance, and has a weight-lifting capacity 35 per cent. greater than the average, so that four tons of goods can be carried at a cruising speed

3. SHOWING THE CURVE OF THE NEW WEIGHT-LIFTING WING, WITH A SPREAD OF 146 FEET: A FRONT VIEW OF THE "FLYING TRAMP."
4. PARTLY CUT OPEN DIAGRAMMATICALLY TO SHOW THE POSITION OF THE 4-TON CARGO-CONTAINER INSIDE: THE "FLYING TRAMP" READY TO BE UNLOADED.

of about 72 m.p.h. A big monoplane is to be built for the purpose, of the special design here illustrated, driven by twin 450-h.p. Lion engines. A great feature of the design is the cargo-container. The nose of the machine, which is the pilot's room, opens on a patent hinge, and the container, ready packed and correctly balanced, is run on its wheels into the body along sloping rails, and kept in place by trunnions secured to a strong ring encircling the fuselage.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

I HAVE no doubt whatever in my mind that Mr. Robert Nichols is the greatest of the young "Georgian" poets—so great, indeed, that he could easily dispense with the label which resembles the palimpsests one sees on a much-travelled piece of luggage. His "Ardours and Endurances" is beyond all question the volume of war-poems which expresses with most power and beauty the attitude of a modern generation facing the monstrous mechanisms of death in the ancient, ever-recurring ordeal of battle—the *religio militis* of the latest phase of warfare between whole nations in arms—and all the splendour that shines out of its squalor (which has bred a sickness in the soul of soldier-poets unfortunate with the power of sane, steady thinking that prevents the emotions from becoming commotions.... Mr. Siegfried Sassoon is a case in point), and, above and before all, the gift of comradeship, the love and sorrow of the regimental officer for his men. These war-poems will take their place among the permanent achievements of a warlike race which had never before been so near to living up to the heaven-descended maxim: Know Thyself. But, having read this wonderful first volume, I again and again asked myself—will this young Keats who found songs in the serenity of his soul—

Photograph by Photopress.

warlike race which had never before been so near to living up to the heaven-descended maxim: Know Thyself. But, having read this wonderful first volume, I again and again asked myself—will this young Keats who found songs in the serenity of his soul—

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air death moans and sings,

dwindle into a perplexed and petulant voice when the tremendous, vivifying motive of national warfare ceases on a sudden? Will Peace unmake the triumphant young poet that the war made so completely?

In many cases, alas! the poet has been lost with the soldier-poet, the gift of sacramental speech vanishing almost with the last gun-fire. Fortunately, it has not been so in the case of Mr. Robert Nichols—partly, no doubt, because he has kept the staff of English poetical tradition to stay his first steps through the unknown land of peace-time, a new life and a new literature both uncharted. "AURELIA AND OTHER POEMS" (Chatto and Windus; 5s. net) reveals him as still strong and masterful, sure of his way and his method, fulfilling the saying of the Spoon River anthologist: "Youth and Wisdom is Genius." The sequence of sonnets which gives the volume its title have for their sad motto Sir Philip Sidney's lament over ineffectual loving—

Let me no steps but of lost labour trace,

and are as profound as Meredith's "Modern Love" in the analysis of the unconquered *ego* and the conquered *me*, which could find no at-one-ment in the war both for and against those dread allies, Desire and Satiety. These have their vengeance, as too well I know, up to the vestibule of age and perhaps beyond it—in the days of youth they torture sleep to tears, as the poet confesses in his last sonnets—

Your eyes, your piteous eyes, so bright and blue,
That sorely once my former life perplexed,"
Who cherished the beauty of their heavenly hue,
And by the spell of their proud power was vexed,
To what sibyllic purpose do they haunt
Unseasonably the hours I vow to joy,
With such fierce looks as do my courage daunt,
And almost would my very life destroy?

Ah, get you gone; the past is but the past;
You have no part in what is acted here.
Why should your eyes-of-the-Medusa blast
The late hour's promise of a little cheer?
But all in vain I cry; one glance alone
Of your dead eyes turns my live heart to stone.

This poem of the modern love that feeds not on the advancing hour will be remembered and marked in days to come by all who visit that strange cemetery, crowded with carven fantasies, where poets have buried their first mistresses to the sound of lutes and psalteries and dulcimers and all kinds of music.

There are many other poems, some both noble and austere, in this wondrous volume, from which I take but a single open-air picture of winter that came overnight—

The world's new! there is not a sound:
Whiteness and silence all around.
Jewels hang clustered in the trees,
The light aches, and the levels freeze;
And with this sharp, sweet air we drink
All serene thoughts a man can think
This side of heaven—until it seems
Heaven's here and not within our dreams.
Heaven just so white, so bright, so still,
As this white air and that white hill,
Wherein sight's fixed and sound is caught
Into one pure celestial thought.

There are many other verse-books waiting on my study table, but they must wait a little longer.

What a futile business the reviewing of poetry can be—nay, must be! This dismal truth is brought home to the reviewer, who is not insolent as well as indolent, by the republication, in a single volume (Duckworth; 5s. net) of two skits by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, "CALIBAN'S GUIDE TO LETTERS," first published in 1903, and "LAMBKIN'S REMAINS," first published in 1900. Dr. Caliban is one of those mild and pompous humbugs who so often succeed as journalistic impresarios; and we also get entertaining glimpses of the real author of the preposterous guide-book, the ridiculous henchman who writes all Dr. Caliban's articles for him—such "ghosts" exist to-day, but they are commonly called "apprentices" by the frauds who steal their brains. There is nothing funnier in the skit than the chapter on the art of reviewing (with specimens) unless it be that which provides recipes

humbug. Lambkin's Newdigate (subject: "The Benefits Conferred by Science, especially in Connection with the Electric Light") is an excellent bit of fooling. Here are a few choice lines—

Arouse thee, Muse! and chaunt in accents rich
The interesting processes by which
The Electricity is passed along:
These are my theme, to these I bend my song.



MAJOR BRYAN COOPER, WHOSE BOOK, "THE COLLAR OF GOLD," HAS BEEN PUBLISHED RECENTLY.

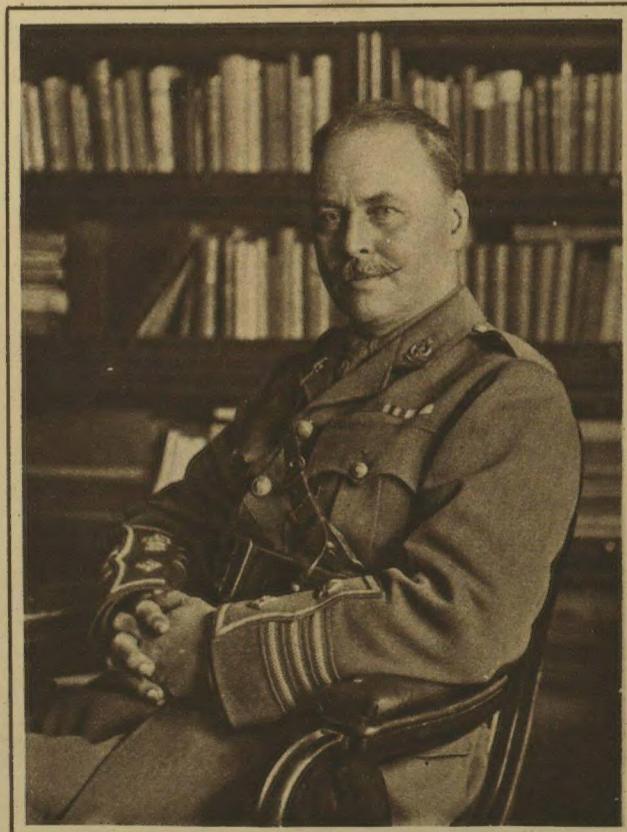
Photograph by Lafayette.

It runs encased in wood or porous brick
Through copper wires, two millimetres thick,
And insulated on their dangerous mission
By india-rubber, silk, or composition,
Here you may put with critical felicity
The following question: "What is Electricity?"
"Molecular Activity," say some,
Others, when asked, say nothing and are dumb.

Caliban and Lambkin might have been popular portraits in that "Book of Snobocrats" which Mr. Belloc still owes to the world.

The American editor long ago discovered that the humourist, the Mark Twain that was or the Irwin Cobb that is (he has yet to be discovered by Englishmen), can do more to serve a cause and boost a circulation than the worthiest successor of that tremendous leader-writer of whom it was said: "There's just a little too much in his manner of 'Prepare to meet thy Godley.'" The time will come, at any rate on the more humorous shore of the Atlantic, when the only survivals of the leading article will be those single-sentence epigrams which are a speciality of American journalism. Meanwhile the newspaper humourist, the Jester to the Press, is slowly but surely establishing himself in the more democratic English journals. Ivan Heald, whose humour was the delight of Charles Lister, Patrick Shaw Stewart, and other members of that vanished Sidneian fellowship which centred about the strong, mystical soul of Julian Grenfell, was the first, and remains the best, practitioner of this joyous new art. He might be defined as a Lord Dunsany reduced to everyday terms and half a column. In "TWELLS BREX: A CONQUEROR OF DEATH" (Cassell; 6s. net), by Hamilton Fyffe, we have a fitting memorial to the centre of levity of a cosmopolitan journal which still possesses something of a centre of gravity. His "ADVENTURES ON THE HOME FRONT" (Methuen, 1918) will certainly survive to be eagerly read by the next generation which stands tip-toe with excitement at the idea of a new world-war, and asks how their grandfathers went through air-raids and flag days and food-rationing and other dangers and discomforts. Like all great good-humourists, Twells Brex was very much of a man, and he died as valiantly as any soldier at the front, for what I said of the passing of my old *confrière*, J. D. Irvine, could be truly applied to him who, suffering from a disease far more horrible than any war can award, yet—

Smiled on his friends, and put his anguish by,
Scoffed at the flesh and gave his death the lie.



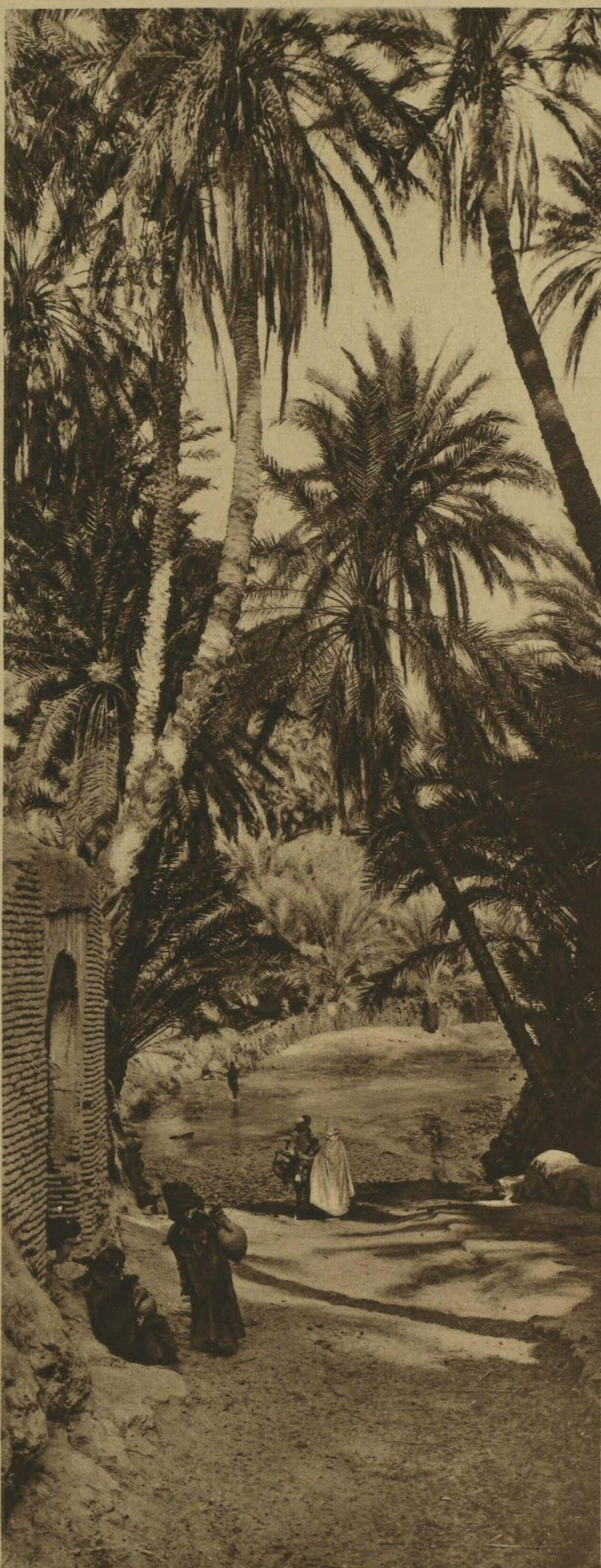
SIR RONALD ROSS, WHOSE NEW NOVEL, "THE REVELS OF ORSERRA," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

for writing short lyrics in the Obscure, or the Prattling, style, both of which are as popular today as they were twenty years ago. "Lambkin's Remains," supposed to be the unpublished works of a Fellow of Burford College, recall to mind many fruity and expansive specimens of the academic

THE CALL OF THE DESERT: SAHARA SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. BOUGAULT, TOULON.



"A TANGLE OF PALMS" AT THE SOURCE OF AN OASIS: WATER-CARRIERS AT A SPRING IN THE DESERT.



DWELLERS IN THE LAND OF "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH": OULED NAIL WOMEN IN THEIR PICTURESQUE ATTIRE.



"WHOSE HOME IS THE MOVING TENT, WHOSE HEARTHSTONE IS THE YELLOW SAND OF THE DUNES": A NOMAD HUNTER OF THE SAHARA.



A BELLE OF THE SAHARA: A REAL "GARDEN OF ALLAH" GIRL BY A SPRING IN A DESERT OASIS.

The call of the desert is heard to-day even in London, for the wonderful scenes in "The Garden of Allah" at Drury Lane have seemed to bring the life and atmosphere of the Sahara very close. In the novel which was the precursor of his play Mr. Robert Hichens gives a vivid picture of the Sahara and its oases, and the dwellers therein. Such passages as the following form an appropriate commentary to the fine photographs given above: "On the little cliff was a tangle of palms where a tiny oasis sheltered a few native huts." Again: "The

girls wore many ornaments . . . huge gold ear-rings that were as large as the little ears that sustained them, the bracelets and anklets, the triangular silver skewers that fastened the draperies, the narrow girdles, worked with gold thread, and hung with lumps of coral." Or again: "Absolute silence reigned, the intense yet light silence that is in the desert at noon-tide, when the sun is at the zenith, when the nomad sleeps under his low-pitched tent, and the gardeners in the oases cease even from pretending to work among the palms."

"THE PARCHED GROUND SHALL BECOME A POOL, AND THE

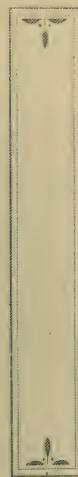
PHOTOGRAPHS BY



"SAND DUNES INNUMERABLE, MYRIADS AND MYRIADS OF THEM, RISING AND FALLING, RISING AND FALLING,

THIRSTY LAND SPRINGS OF WATER": DESERT CONTRASTS.

A. BOUGAULT, TOULON.



TILL THEY WERE LOST IN THE GREY DISTANCE OF THIS SILENT WORLD": MEHARIS IN THE GRAND ERG, SAHARA.



THE TRANSMUTING POWER OF WATER IN THE DESERT: PALMS AND VEGETATION IN THE RIVIERE OASIS

Interest in the life of the desert is very marked just now, and shows itself in various forms of art and literature. Doubtless the campaigns in Egypt, Syria, and Mesopotamia have done much to stimulate it, and there is likewise the constant attraction of archaeological discovery. On the London stage we have at present a remarkable reproduction of life in the Sahara in Mr. Robert Hichens' play "The Garden of Allah," as various illustrations in previous numbers of our paper testify. A passage in his novel of the same title, on which the play is founded, reads very appropriately in connection with the upper photograph here. He is describing a wide prospect in the desert at Mogar:



AL KANTARA, EAST OF THE SUEZ CANAL, ON THE CARAVAN TRACK BETWEEN EGYPT AND SYRIA.

"Back from the snowy plains stretched sand dunes of the palest primrose colour, sand dunes innumerable, myriads and myriads of them, rising and falling, rising and falling till they were lost in the grey distance of this silent world. In the foreground, at their horses' feet, wound from the hill summit a broad track faintly marked in the deep sand, and flanked by huge dunes shaped, by the action of the winds, into grotesque semblances of monsters, Leviathans, beasts with prodigious humps, sphinxes, whales. This track was presently lost in the blanched plains. . . . And the track was strewn with the bleached bones of camels that had perished on some long desert march."



Post-War Resumption of Archaeological Excavation:

No. II.—MYCENÆ.

By D. G. HOGARTH.

NAMED AFTER THE WISEST OF HOMER'S KINGS:
THE CUP OF NESTOR.

THE British School at Athens has lost little time in returning to digging. Before the war it had staked out a claim in Greek Macedonia; but that scene of campaigning must be allowed a little longer to settle down. Asia Minor also, where it has another claim, is not yet ready for the resumption of excavation; and a dream of opening out the ground in the heart of Constantinople has been short-lived. Nor are anything like adequate funds available at present for great undertakings. Some site, therefore, nearer home, where tentative soundings might bring immediate results of interest and prepare the way for big work in a subsequent season, was preferred for the restart.

Now, none in any part of Greece has been demanding further exploration more insistently than Mycenæ. Ever since the Cretan palaces have been revealed, and the evident but puzzling connection between their culture in successive periods and that of Mycenæ and other prehistoric settlements of the mainland has been observed, archaeologists have been desirous to search again one of the greater sites in the Argolid as deeply and as exhaustively as Knossus and Phæstus have been searched. All admit that the splendid culture revealed in all its periods in Crete by Evans, Halbherr, and others, must at some period have had intimate relations with that other, equally splendid so far as revealed, but not yet fully revealed, which Schliemann discovered for the world; and some, expecting to find that one was the parent of the other, have already made up their minds that Crete was the sole begetter of the higher Aegean civilisation. They could not make them up otherwise, if judgment has to be passed on only the actual evidence. But how about the mainland? Is its evidence yet nearly enough? Were there not periods at Mycenæ before those of the Shaft Graves and the great Beehive tombs, and at Tiryns before Schliemann's palace or even the Pelasgic walls? Might not deeper examination show that the Argolid developed its own culture from the Stone Age up to a capacity to produce for itself the jewels of the Shaft Graves? Even, perhaps, to teach Crete the art and motives of metallurgy? Such were questions not opened by Schliemann, but opened by the Cretan diggers. They appeal to one of the strongest instincts of human curiosity—the instinct for getting back to origins, and, if possible, a single origin. In any case, not merely the novelty but the extraordinary wealth of these Aegean civilisations makes their relations of no small importance in the history of the development of man; and curiosity about them is not only

archaeological, nor even only what is usually meant by scientific.

The Hellenic Archaeological Society, which has reserved Mycenæ to itself since Schliemann's days, and done from time to time a little nibbling at its outskirts, is as anxious as anyone else that it should be re-examined, and it agreed without difficulty that the British School, which has traditional interest and acquired competence in prehistoric things, should tap it again,



TREASURE BROUGHT TO LIGHT FROM A SHAFT GRAVE AT MYCENAE: A MASK OF GOLD.

had not meanwhile thought of something else he wished to find. So he never went near exhausting any site he touched—not Hissarlik, not Tiryns, not Mycenæ. Once he had examined all that he believed to be Homeric, he had done with the place, though he accepted the obligation to publish anything else he might have lighted on in the process.

Thus, at Tiryns for example, the uppermost stratum gave him all he wanted, and he cared not if any earlier palace lay below his "Homeric" ground plan. At Mycenæ, when the tombs of the Atridæ had proved all, and more than all he had looked for, he was easily deterred by the upper skin of Hellenic remains within the citadel from any effort to explore an earlier skin, though he knew one existed. He did not care, in fact, to go behind Pausanias. The prestige of his discoveries, and the interest of what he did leave revealed on both sites, for long diverted or deterred others from carrying his researches further, by such sacrilegious operations as cutting through the floors of his Tirynthian palace, or burrowing beneath his Greek temple at Mycenæ. Crete, however, brought into prominence twenty years ago the necessity of exploring the living places of Aegean kings; and as Tsountas and others had long ago established the existence of lower strata at Mycenæ, it was only a question of time that these should be investigated; whatever might have to be destroyed above them. Latterly one of the Cretan diggers detected architectural features, identical with the Minoan, peeping out of surface deposit within the citadel. The British School, therefore, had every encouragement to devote a season to the place.

It has not been able to do as much work as it would have done in a season before the war. Small funds, labour shortage, and the general unsettlement of even Greek society have restricted it. Mr. Wace, the Director, has published a statement of the results of preliminary soundings outside the Citadel, which serve, he holds, to establish for the Lion Gate, the Tomb of Atreus, and the fortification of the Citadel, some date very near the Homeric era, presumed by Schliemann. We have yet to learn what he has proceeded to establish about the buildings within that fortification, upon which, we believe, he proposes to continue work. Already his verdicts have aroused enough interest to provoke the beginnings of controversy. Islanders, led by British Cretans, offer battle to Mainlanders, led by British Athenians. But this dispute will be conducted according to the rules of scientific war—war of the kind that brings peace, not a sword, and light out of darkness.



A MEMENTO OF A PREHISTORIC WAR: A PORTION OF A SILVER VASE, SHOWING AN ATTACK BEING MADE ON A CITY.

Schliemann was a great pioneer who owed extraordinary success less to opportunity and luck and more to enlightened scientific instinct, reasoned perseverance, and patient method, than has always been allowed. But being possessed by one idea in his researches, and content the moment he had found (or thought he had found) what he sought, he dug to see, not what a site might contain, but some of what it contained.



MYCENÆ OF THE DAYS OF THE FATHER OF AGAMEMNON: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY WALL AND SHAFT GRAVES FROM THE TREASURY OF ATREUS, LOOKING TOWARDS THE LION GATE.

Photographs by Permission of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies.

Nothing would have seemed less reasonable to him than a suggestion that he must go on spending time and money after that was found—if he

ISLANDERS v. MAINLANDERS : ARCHAEOLOGICAL "WAR" AT MYCENÆ.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF HELLENIC STUDIES, AND PROFESSOR D. G. HOGARTH.

DECIDED TO BE OF A DATE "VERY NEAR THE HOMERIC ERA":
THE TOMB OF ATREUS, AT MYCENÆ.PERHAPS BUILT OVER AN OLDER ARCHITECTURE:
THE HOMERIC LION GATE AT MYCENÆ.IS THERE AN EARLIER ARGOLID ART, THE PARENT OF CRETAN ART, NOT YET UNEARTHED BENEATH THE RUINS OF MYCENÆ?
EXAMPLES OF MYCENÆAN METAL-WORK—INLAID DAGGER BLADES SHOWING A LION HUNT AND A LION KILLING DEER.DID THE MAINLAND TEACH CRETE THE ART OF METALLURGY?
A GOLD CUP FROM MYCENÆ.WHERE EXCAVATIONS MAY REVEAL THE ORIGIN OF ÆGEAN CULTURE:
MYCENÆ—A GENERAL VIEW FROM THE TREASURY OF ATREUS.

In his article on the opposite page, dealing with the resumption of excavations at Mycenæ, Professor Hogarth raises the interesting question whether the origin of Ægean culture was on the Greek mainland or in the island of Crete. "Islanders," he writes, "led by British Cretans, offer battle to Mainlanders, led by British Athenians." The work at Mycenæ, it may be recalled, is being conducted by the British School at Athens. As Professor Hogarth points out, Schliemann ceased digging at Mycenæ, as elsewhere, as soon as he had found what he sought—that

is, Homeric remains—regardless of what might lie beneath. But the Minoan discoveries since made at Knossos and elsewhere in Crete have made it necessary to probe further into the soil of Mycenæ and Tiryns, to see whether there may not be evidence there of an earlier civilisation, the parent of the Cretan. "Might not deeper examination show," asks Professor Hogarth, "that the Argolid developed its own culture from the Stone Age up to a capacity to produce for itself the jewels of the Shaft Graves? Even, perhaps, to teach Crete . . . metallurgy?"

A TYPICAL INCIDENT DURING A RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

FROM THE PAINTING BY NORMAN WILKINSON, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHT.)



“ROUNDING THE LEE MARK.”

The hope that the America's Cup might this year be brought back to England was finally disposed of by the result of the race of July 27, when, over a straight course of fifteen miles each way, “Shamrock IV.” was defeated. “Shamrock” won the first two races, but lost the second and fourth and was finally defeated in the fifth, the decisive test. The Cup goes to the winner of three races out of five. In the first race, “Resolute,” the American defender, met with a mishap. In the second, “Shamrock” achieved a clear win. In the third, “Resolute” won on her time allowance of 6 min. 40 sec., the two yachts taking exactly the same actual time to cover the course. “Resolute” won the fourth race by 3 min. The important feature was the weather and strength of the

wind. A stiff breeze favoured the challenger. The smaller and lighter-built defender was in best form in a light breeze and smooth water. The necessities of the situation require that the yacht from England has to be built stoutly enough to cross the Atlantic safely. Her rival need only be built for American home waters and off-shore sailing. This year's attempt was Sir Thomas Lipton's fourth. Each of his challengers has borne the name of “Shamrock,” a tribute to Sir Thomas's Irish parentage, and been numbered in sequence. His previous attempts to “lift the Cup” took place in 1899, 1901, and 1903. This year's race (which was to have been sailed in 1914) is notable as being the first where a challenger has won two out of the five races.

A "MENAGERIE" BEHIND THE SCENES AT DRURY LANE:

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,

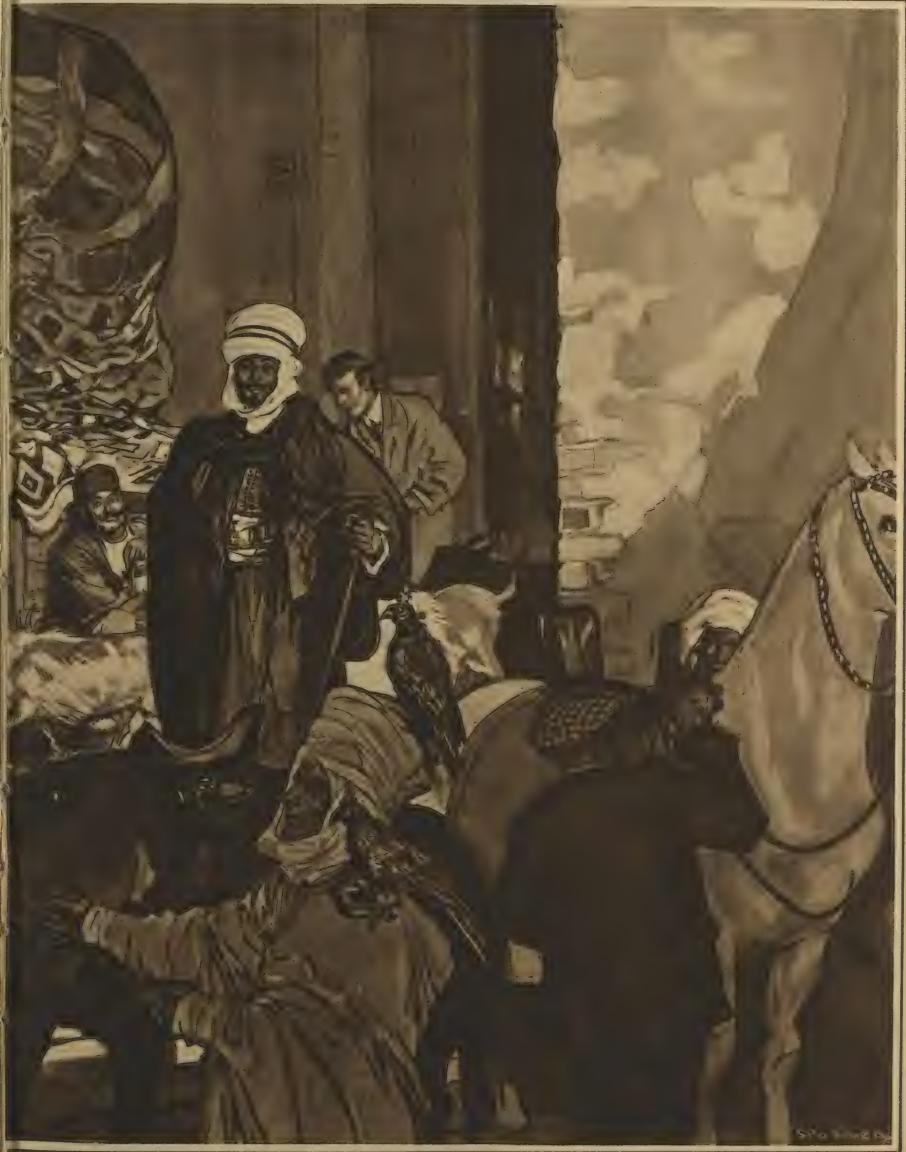


COMING OFF THE STAGE TO BE "UNDRESSED" AFTER APPEARING IN THE DESERT SCENE IN

For the wonderful picture of the Desert in "The Garden of Allah" at Drury Lane, there is quite a menagerie assembled behind the scenes. As they go on, they are marshalled in their different sections, but when they come off—the moment illustrated—they are all intermingled, making a still more picturesque group. The smaller animals are provided with pens, into which they are put between the matinée and the evening performances, while the larger ones return to their stables in a neighbouring street after each performance. Soft matting is laid down to deaden the clatter of hoofs. In the centre background is seen a tent-like structure, which one of the camels has carried on its back for the heroine to ride in, described as follows in Mr. Hichens' novel on which his play is based: "Upon its back was a palanquin of dark-red stuff, with a roof

THE ANIMAL "CROWD" IN "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH."

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH": CAMELS, HORSES, MULES, DONKEYS, SHEEP, GOATS, AND HAWKS.

of stuff stretched upon strong, curved sticks, and curtains which could be drawn or undrawn at pleasure." The camel bearing it was shown in our illustrations of the play on July 3. On the wall to the right in the background may be noted a small boat. This contains two electric lights, one blue and one red, used as signals to give a cue to the performers "off" the stage. During the gazelle-shooting scene, the blue light warns a stage hand to prepare to fire a pistol, and on the red light appearing he fires, to represent a shot by the hero heard "off." Similarly, when music is heard "off," the blue light warns a group of Arab musicians behind the scenes to get ready, and when the red light is switched on they strike up.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A SPORT KNOWN TO NINEVEH AND BABYLON: FALCONRY—

ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY

HOW WILD HAWKS ARE CAUGHT AND TAMED IN HOLLAND.

AUG. F. W. VOOGT.



SHOWING TWO "SHRIKE-HILLS" AND POLES WITH CORDS FOR THE DECOYS: A DUTCH HAWK-CATCHER SURVEYING HIS PREPARATIONS FROM HIS CABIN.



CAREFUL TO AVOID BEING SEEN BY A CABIN IN EARLY MORNING FOR AN HAWK; THE HAWKER ENTERING HIS ALL-DAY SITTING, WITH HIS ASSISTANT.



WITH CORDS IN POSITION FOR WORKING THE DECOYS AND SHUTTING THE TRAP: A HAWK-CATCHER HIDDEN IN HIS GRASS-THATCHED CABIN.



READY TO ANNOUNCE A HAWK'S APPROACH BY FLAPPING ITS WINGS: A CAPTIVE SHRIKE ON ITS HILL.



CAUGHT! A HAWK THAT HAS "STOOPED" TO A DECOY PIGEON, UNDER A NET WHICH THE HAWKER HAS CLOSED BY PULLING A CORD.



SECURING THE PRISONER: REMOVING A CAPTURED HAWK FROM THE NET BEFORE FIXING A LINEN "SOCK" OVER ITS LEGS AND WINGS.



"MANED" AND HOODED: HAWKS FROM HOLLAND BEING SHIPPED TO THE OLD HAWKING CLUB AT LYNDHURST, HANTS.

The remarkably interesting photographs given here illustrate a little-known phase of falconry (one of the oldest of sports), the method of snaring wild hawks in Holland. This craft is pursued, in Valkenswaard, by Mr. Charles T. Mollen, who is said to be the only remaining hawkier in Europe, and who still catches, with the aid of two old servants, about 16 to 24 hawks each year for the Old Hawking Club at Lyndhurst. The hawkier builds himself a little cabin or "dug-out" with a cart-wheel for roof, resting on poles, the whole being thatched with sods. Here, having laid his traps, he sits watching all day, taking special care that no hawk sees him enter the hut, else he will watch in vain. His indispensable assistant is the shrike, which is caught with lime and fastened on a little mound, where it gives warning of a hawk's approach by flapping its wings. Two fir-poles are set up near the hut, whence a cord runs through the top of each pole. To one cord is attached a decoy hawk, and to the other a dummy pigeon. When the cords

are pulled, it looks as if the hawk were chasing the pigeon. This attracts the wild hawk. Another cord is attached to a real pigeon in a little sod-built shelter. This cord runs through an eye fixed in the ground under a net, half of which, with an oval framework, is raised. The pigeon having been drawn to the "eye" under the net, the hawk "stoops" to it. When it is under the raised net, the hawk suddenly pulls another cord attached thereto, thus closing the net, and the hawk is caught. When the hawk is removed, a "sock" (a small sack of strong linen) is fastened over its legs and wings. Next comes the work of "manning" it (that is, accustoming it to human beings), and of gradually taming it and feeding it—a task requiring infinite patience. Sir A. Layard mentions in his book on Nineveh and Babylon that he found a bas-relief of a falconer, hawk on wrist, in the ruins of Khorsabad, dating from 1200 B.C. The sport is said to have existed in China about 2000 B.C.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

EVERY Thursday the *Daily Telegraph* brightens and saddens my comfortable after-breakfast hour. For it is the day of the "dramatic page," with its well-informed comments on current and coming events, the essays of Mr. W. L. Courtney, the occasional signed contributions of the new dramatic critic, whose freshness and independence are full of promise; and in contrast to all this brightness—its tombstones. It sounds somewhat cryptic, but a word of explanation

a new era. The time is near, and I would be among the first to prophesy it, that every English town will have a theatrical company of its own, not necessarily maintained by rates, but commercially worked by an astute manager, who begins to learn that "sharing-terms" are not an unmixed blessing, because they lead to the acquirement of many "a pig in the poke"; that—notably at the sea-side—the competition with bands and cinemas becomes more and more

accept "half a loaf." They would all welcome and support a man with energy and insight, alive to the fact that a good theatre is as much a vital necessity as a good band or a palatial picture palace. Here, then, is an open door for new enterprise, and for clearance of the "tombstones." For permanent provincial theatres will do away with the contempt in which touring is held by many actors, who prefer to rest and to rust instead of rushing about in discomfort from pillar to post without the remotest chance of enhancing their experience and their reputation. The very names of John Drinkwater and William Rae, whose fame began at Birmingham, speaks volumes for the possibilities of provincial theatres.

So the Little Theatre is to become London's Grand Guignol, under the direction of Mr. José Levy. He is the right man in the right place; for in his co-operation with the regretted Louis Meyer he developed a peculiar *flair* of what the public wants. He has often found in Paris plays which made no particular stir, which remained unobserved by the ubiquitous speculator, agent, or manager. These, letting the sleeping dog lie, he ear-marked, and after a time secured at very reasonable terms, to mould them into a great London success, à la "The Glad Eye." That there is room in London for a "spectacle coupé"—that is to say a programme of many items—cannot be disputed. It will prove the Mecca of the late diners who hate to rush the liqueurs and cigarette because the theatre begins at eight-thirty. If only Mr. Levy could revive in London the charming old vaudeville-theatres of the Second Empire, when the audience sat at little tables, smoked, sipped long drinks and enjoyed the wonderful little plays of the Labiches and Meilhacs, and the delightful, witty operettas in one act by Adam and Offenbach! But there is one thing I hope Mr. Levy will not make of the Little Theatre in imitation of Grand Guignol—namely, a Chamber of Horrors. We all like a thrill—although a trill of laughter is ever so much more stimulating—a "punch"—in fact, a real little drama in one act perfectly acted. But when I think of the nightmares I have seen, and afterwards been haunted by, in the Grand Guignol—when I read the other day that the play was so gruesomely realistic that ladies yelled and fainted—I pray that Mr. Levy will use his discretion, and remember that if Paris may swallow a camel, and digest it light-heartedly, as "*blague*," London audiences, on the whole, prefer not to be harrowed. Our public is not averse to be moved—aye, to shed a tear—but it generally will have none but a happy



TYING UP CELIA BEFORE THE MURDER IN "AT THE VILLA ROSE" AT THE STRAND THEATRE: (L. TO R.) MISS FRANCES WETHERALL AS CAMILLE DAUVRAY; MISS HUTIN BRITTON AS HÉLÈNE VAUQUIER; MISS MIRIAM LEWES AS ADÈLE TACÉ.

The throwing of suspicion on the innocent Celia after the murder of Mme. Dauvray is a feature of the play. Before the murder, which is committed during a séance, she is bound so as to be unable to go to the victim's help.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

will suffice. Side by side with the articles there are two lists of professional cards—on the left the ladies, on the right the men, many of them announcing where they are engaged, more of them announcing, by the words "at liberty," or by an address, that for the time being they are out of work. At the first glance, there is nothing mournful in these advertisements, but to the constant reader, to those familiar with the demand and supply of the Theatre, the frequent recurrence of the same names, with "At liberty" attached, means a desert of forlorn hopes, anxious waiting, spoilt illusions. Hence my appellation of the "tombstones," for many of these artists have had their place in the sun, and for reasons unaccountable, except that our Theatre is more based on chance than on system, they are left behind, and others, perhaps less gifted or experienced, but more lucky, have superseded them. There is another side to this question: Why are so many actors of the second or third plane, with experience at their command, unemployed, when the smaller provincial companies are so badly equipped that one wonders at the patience and leniency of the audiences? I have lately seen about a dozen provincial companies visiting wealthy sea-side resorts of between twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants with plays that at one time or other have made great hits in London. These companies were generally headed by a leading man or woman of fair repute and ability, but in the rank and file not a name was to be found which the assiduous London playgoer could vaguely remember, and, generally, not an interpretation worthy of anything but a shrug of the shoulders or silent commiseration. Indeed, I have seen acting so incredibly incompetent, so wholly lacking in intelligence, let alone distinction, emotion, or humour, that I asked myself who is more to blame, the actor, the manager—both he who forms the company and he who exploits it from town to town—or the audience which week after week applauds such dire exhibitions?

Fortunately, owing to the betterment of salaries, enforced by the praiseworthy energies of the Actors' Association, touring in smaller towns is no longer what it was, and it may be anticipated that the imminent increase in railway fares will drive a deathly nail into the system and herald

difficult. That it can be done has been proved not only in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and anon in Nottingham, but in lesser cities such as Plymouth, Huddersfield, and, from time to time, in Brighton. It is not quite to the point even to repeat "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give," nor is it a sound argument to aver that since the smaller cities are content



UNRAVELLING THE MURDER PLOT IN "AT THE VILLA ROSE," AT THE STRAND THEATRE: (L. TO R.) MR. FRANKLYN BELLAMY AS BESNARD; MR. HARCOURT WILLIAMS AS HENRY WETHERMILL; MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS HANAU.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier takes the part of the master detective, Hanau. Here he is seen unravelling the mystery of the murder of Mme. Dauvray, a dupe of Spiritualists, with the aid of a crystal.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

with the state of things, why change it? They are not content: the "gentry"—I have observed their ways—hold aloof, never go to the local theatre; the rest of the population meekly

ending. Thus let us hope that, under Mr. Levy's guidance, the Little Theatre will not become a Grand Guignol in the acquired sense of its title, but a fountain-head of pathos, wit, and humour.

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LADIES' NEWS.

WHEN looking back over the Season now past it becomes very apparent that it inaugurated certain changes in social life brought about by the war upheaval, and likely to stay and develop. There were no large and brilliant balls at great mansions attended by their Majesties and members of the Royal Family and Foreign Ambassadors. Their place was taken by large dinner parties and small dances. Private entertaining on the old lavish scale, with costly floral decorations, costly suppers, costly wines, costly everything, has been replaced by extremely expensive dinners at restaurants, and theatre, or card, or dancing parties to follow, these given by people of many social grades. Court trains and plumes have disappeared, and two Courts took the place of five. Undoubtedly there is a turning over of our social system, which accounted for a certain dullness and want of verve and "go" about many of the functions we have just seen through.

The Garden Fête for the Officers' Association was accorded good weather the second day, after a threatening morning. The King and Queen and Princess Mary were indefatigable in seeing everything, and in speaking to the officers and men who came within their ken. The Queen wore a long coat of black and steel beadwork in a design of steel fleur-de-lys; it was over a dark dress and was bordered with black marabout feathers. A steel tissue hat was worn finished with silver and jet. Princess Mary was in dark blue and wore a hat the same colour with touches of pale pink and a long dark blue coat with a deep draped cape of worked mole-skin. The King was in service uniform, and looked bronzed and well. Earl Haig was accompanied by his wife, who was in snake-grey, and by two of his young daughters. It was amusing to see that a dusky potentate attended by his son and his secretary was regarded by the general public as a side show until the King shook hands with him, while the great soldiers stood at the salute. After that he was taken more seriously. This was the last town function of the 1920 season, and it is to be hoped that it substantially benefited a splendid cause.

On Tuesday the King and a good section of London Society were found at Goodwood. His Majesty honoured the Duke of Richmond and Gordon by being his guest at Goodwood House, where a man's party assembled to meet him. The King motored down from town late in the afternoon, baggage and servants arriving by train. There



A FORECAST OF AUTUMN FASHIONS.
Taking advantage of the chilliness of the weather, she has put on a dress of velvet, which combines smartness with warmth.

Photograph by Paul Geniaux.

could have been no more glorious opening weather than that on Tuesday. I climbed up to the top of the stand, before the racing began, and seldom have seen a more beautiful sight—the Solent silver in the sunlight, the wooded hills and rolling downs of every shade of green, in an atmosphere so clear and bright that everything stood out in special beauty. The King, I heard, was out before nine for a gallop in the Park, attended by Colonel Clive Wigram, and with the gay, debonair Lord Lonsdale to accompany him. At the meeting his Majesty looked well, and appeared in the best of spirits. He strolled out into the Paddock several times, and talked with people he knew. Once I heard him laugh, a real good hearty one; and somehow it did me good to know that our duty-loving King does enjoy himself and laugh just as heartily as less responsibly placed people. He wore, in the button-hole of a blue Cheviot suit, a white carnation, undoubtedly his favourite flower, since he always wears it. Lord Lonsdale is equally constant to a gardenia, and wore one in the buttonhole of his light grey suit. He arrived in a canary-coloured wagonette drawn by a pair, with a postilion and groom in yellow coatees, cords and grey beaver hats; so he must have had his own carriages and horses at Goodwood Park. There was only one black top hat to be seen, and one white one.

For Ladies' News, that is a good deal about male attire and conveyance, so I will say at once that very many of the ladies present exploited the very earliest of the autumn modes. It was cool enough for coats and skirts, so the very latest were trotted out. Two were draped dresses which were, so to speak, both cloaks and skirts. Lady Drogheda, who stopped in Paris on her way back from a long yachting cruise with Lord and Lady Furness, had a cloak-like drapery of soft black satin over a narrow cassock-like skirt, which was more gold than black, the design Egyptian. Gold appeared on the bodice part only at the neck, which swept across at the base of the column of the throat. A three-cornered black shiny straw hat without trimming was worn. Lady (Cecil) Bingham, also smartly turned out, and also in black, wore a small black hat in which were long black marabout feathers, one upstanding, the other at an angle to the left. The newest skirts are decidedly longer than those that have been in favour, and this is greatly to the benefit of line in dress. Everyone admired Lady Meux's dark grey, beautifully worked, squirrel cloak, worn over a raven's wing blue charmeuse dress, and with a very simple black hat.

A. E. L.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CONCERNING CUCKOO FLIES.

A FEW days ago an old friend of mine, whom nothing escapes that concerns the ways of wild creatures, sent me from Scotland two or three flies, with a request that I would find out their names for him, since they excited his curiosity. And well they might, for theirs is a strange history. They belong to the family *Tachinidae*, which may well be called "Cuckoo-flies," since, like that beloved vagabond who provides us with such a surfeit of melody during May and June, they contrive to put their offspring out to nurse, regardless of the consequences to their helpless victims.

The flies that were sent to me have no name in common speech, because they evade common observation. Only the observant and the specialist in flies take cognisance of them, and by the latter they have been named *Exorista cheloniae*. But these Tachinids are a numerous family. So far as our knowledge goes to-day they number some 200 species in Britain alone, while about 1000 are known in North America. These numbers, however, refer only to the adult flies, for of the larval stages but little indeed has yet been discovered. Yet that little makes wonderful reading, for it shows the cuckoo-fly to be a creature of infinite patience, cunning, and resource. Furthermore, it displays a capacity for rapidity of action during which is astonishing.

Of *Exorista cheloniae* we know this much—that it lays its eggs upon caterpillars. Facing its victim, and distant no more than a quarter of an inch, it awaits a moment when the head is likely to remain stationary, then, in a twinkling, the tail is brought downwards and forwards under the body, and from its apex is shot forth a long ovipositor which instantly plants an

egg on its victim's eye. This operation, which may be successfully performed several times, inflicts no pain, though an untimely death is the inevitable consequence. For presently the eggs hatch, and the resultant larvae proceed to gnaw their way through for the purpose of feeding upon the juices of the body. By the time they are full-fed the poor caterpillar is reduced to an empty shell. From this these ravening wolves in miniature presently escape, and, burying themselves deep in the ground, undergo their transformation into pupae. No qualms of conscience dis-

the body upwards, and finally force open what we may call the coffin lid. All that now remains is to crawl up some convenient grass blade and await the distension and drying of the wings and legs, when the family traditions can be resumed.

Other members of this family have a slightly less horrible record, since, though they live at the expense of the offspring of burrowing wasps, they do not consume them alive, but bring about their death by starvation. These wasps feed their young on the living tissues of insects which they have previously paralysed.

These horrid feasts take place within specially constructed chambers at the end of a long tunnel, dug by the careful mother. Flies are her victims. On the first one taken down she lays an egg. Within twenty-four hours the larva emerges, and its appetite is large. *Millogramma*, the name of this particular "cuckoo," knows all about this dreadful practice, and puts the seal of her approval thereon by following it up after the same fashion. She dare not, however, venture down the dark tunnel; but, instead, awaits the anxious mother's arrival with a body, and as soon as the bearer of the feast arrives, rushes up to lay an egg on the body. Again and again it may be borne off to avoid this impost, for the wasp apparently divines the nature of the attack, and, though an eater of flies, displays the greatest fear of this determined virago. But sooner or later she seems by the dire necessity of feeding her famishing youngster, and makes a dash for the nursery. On the instant she alights at the mouth of the burrow the hateful egg is laid, and the fond parent carries down, at one and the same time, food and a lingering death. But her maternal instincts seem to survive even this, for when it at last takes place she will continue to feed the slayer of her child!

W. P. PYCRAFT.



A SALE-ROOM DISCOVERY—LORD DUDLEY'S FAMOUS CHELSEA VASES (SOLD FOR £20,000 ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO) WHICH RECENTLY FETCHED £6510.

There was a surprise at Christie's sale of porcelain on July 22, when a set of seven Chelsea vases, "the property of a gentleman," were found by Mr. Albert Amor, to be the famous "Lord Dudley Vases," the finest specimens of Chelsea ware in existence. After spirited bidding they fell to Mr. Amor for £6510. About thirty years ago they passed into a private collection, it is said, for the huge sum of £20,000. In our photograph, those at the extreme ends form a pair, that on the left showing Venus and Cupid. The second and sixth are another pair, while in the middle is a set of three, the central one with a painting of Apollo and Daphne.

By Courtesy of Mr. Albert Amor.

complicated movements

turb them during their long sleep. They awake new-made, to begin a life of crime once more.

The manner of their resurrection is noteworthy. Invested by the winding sheet of the "puparium"—the shell-like case within which the transformation from the larval to the adult stage is effected—they proceed to force themselves upwards to the sun and air by means of a pulsating bag containing fluid. Alternatively filled and emptied, its movements hoist

to become overpowered by the dire necessity of feeding her famishing youngster, and makes a dash for the nursery. On the instant she alights at the mouth of the burrow the hateful egg is laid, and the fond parent carries down, at one and the same time, food and a lingering death. But her maternal instincts seem to survive even this, for when it at last takes place she will continue to feed the slayer of her child!

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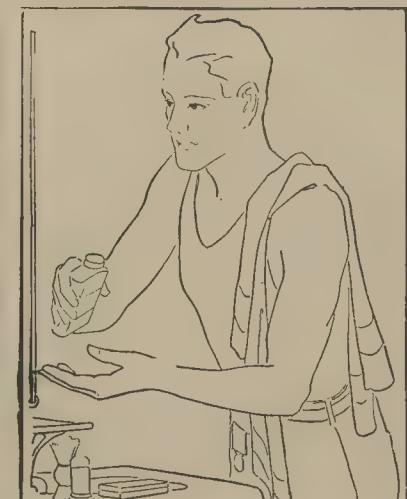
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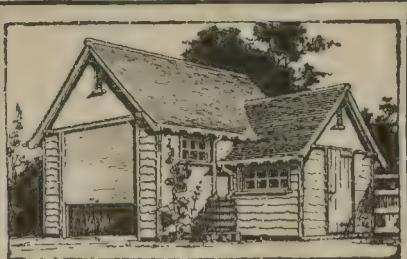
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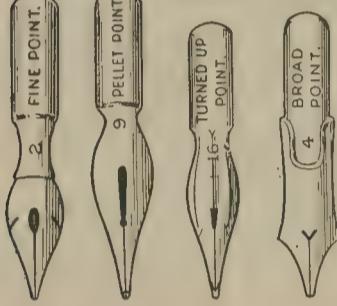
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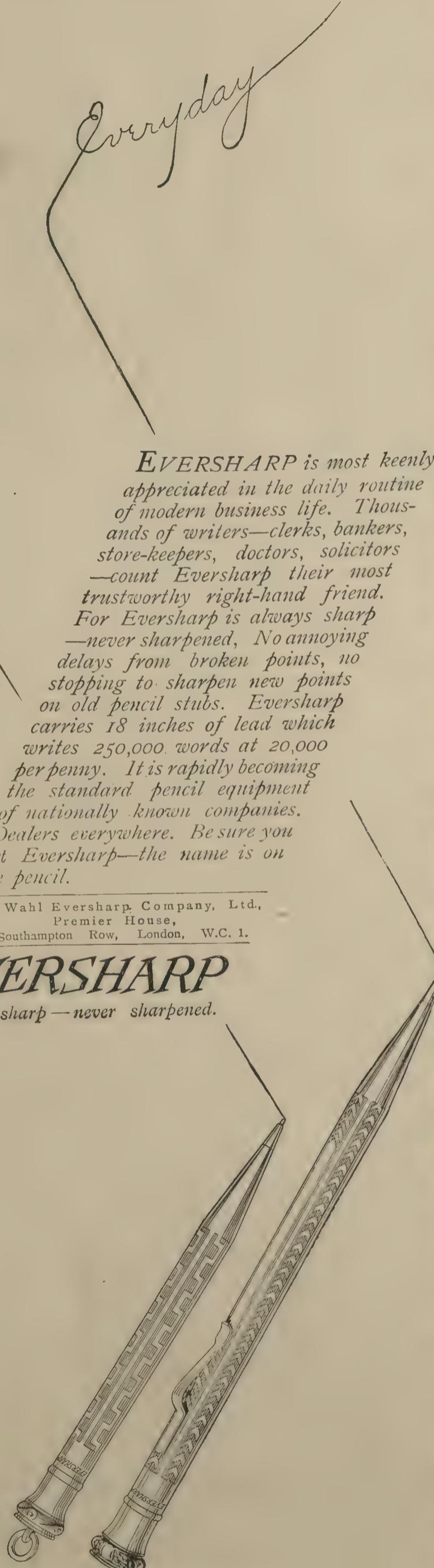
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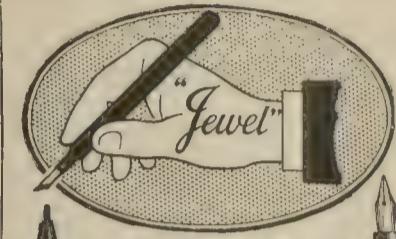


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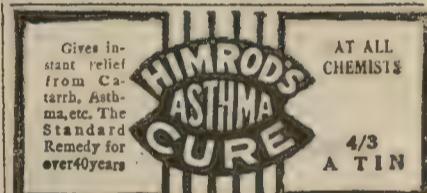
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NEW NOVELS.

"The Lonely House."

Just as the eeriest ghost stories are those in a daylight setting, so a tale of murder extracts the uttermost thrill from the audience when it is staged before a background of flowers and sunshine. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes knows the values of artistic contrast, and she uses them to perfection. A saintly friend of the reviewer once spoke, with shuddering, of her impression of the pleasure-seekers of Monte Carlo as "dancing on the lid of the pit"; and it is exactly this violent antithesis that "The Lonely House" (Hutchinson) presents. La Solitude was a villa perched high above Monte Carlo, the gloom of the overshadowing hillside behind it, and the fairyland view

and unsuspicious, lived with the Poldas for months before she was smitten with the conviction—sudden and crushing—that horrible things had taken place, and would again take place, while she was a member of their household. Lily's ignorance, of course, is not shared by the reader, whose intuitions become certainty somewhere about the fifth chapter, and whose excitement and interest are cunningly played upon until the last page. Dinner with the Poldas, for the wealthy stranger, was as hazardous as a "little supper with the Borgias" to the family enemy; and three, of these sinister festivals at La Solitude take place within the period of Lily's visit. That there are points of similarity between the plots of "The Lonely House" and "The Chink in the Armour," Mrs. Belloc Lowndes will not deny: her defence for a certain amount of repetition would probably be that even murder has its conventions, and that, as the historian of murder, she has been constrained to give them their due and proper place. "The Lonely House" stands high in merit on the list of the season's novels.

To name a book

Passion. "Passion: A Human Story" (Duckworth) is to tap the showman's drum with no mild flourish of the drumsticks; but it can safely be said that Mr. Shaw Desmond's performance justifies the advertisement. For passion, as he demonstrates, is a word to fit the many-sided interplay of human

motives, physical, social, and spiritual, and all these things he has endeavoured truly and courageously to set down. Indeed, his courage is one of the most striking features of the book: there is nothing he will not pursue with an explorer's daring,

contriving to leave, among a multitude of sensations that remain when the last page is turned, the conviction with his reader that to a writer so impressionable and so alert, the world is still fresh, still wonderful, still (for him) without the shadow of



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Photograph by S. and G.

below and beyond its windows. Lily Fairfield came to it for rest after some trying experiences in England, and was received by the Countess Polda, a connection of her English aunt, in circumstances that struck a note of mystery. Yet Lily, being young



RACING AT GOODWOOD: THE FINISH FOR THE STEWARDS' CUP, WON BY MR. W. E. WHINERAY'S WESTERN WAVE.

Photograph by S. and G.

satiety. The disadvantage of this enthusiasm in a novel is that the author has more to say than three or four hundred pages can contain, and Mr. Desmond is too generous, or too prodigal, to spin his story out into a trilogy, as a more sophisticated novelist might have done. The record of his hero's childhood and boyhood could have been easily spread over one volume, with his adolescence in Fear Street and The Cave for another, and his courtship and marriage for the third. As it is, people will sit down to a gargantuan banquet, and it will not be entirely their fault if they rise from it complaining of a touch of repletion. We advise them, nevertheless, not to miss reading "Passion." One of the greatest of human passions is oddly diminished and disparaged—maternal devotion; but to youthful love, to the money lust, to the desire for self-sacrifice and the need for sympathy, Mr. Shaw Desmond has devoted his descriptive talents with a remarkable measure of success.



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"ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE."

IT is possible that to many British readers the name and works of Leo Shestov are unfamiliar, but they would do well to make his acquaintance, if only to understand something of the changing spirit of Russia. He was born at Kieff about fifty years ago, and is now well known as an essayist and critic. Under the title of "All Things are Possible" (Martin Secker) there has just been published an authorised English translation of his book, "The Apotheosis of Groundlessness," which appeared in 1905. The translation, which reads very well, is the work of S. S. Koteliensky; and Mr. D. H. Lawrence contributes a foreword, in which he distills the author's somewhat elusive philosophy into this: "Let each individual act spontaneously from the forever-incalculable prompting of the creative well head within him. There is no universal law. Each being is, at his purest, a law unto himself, single, unique, a Godhead, a fountain from the unknown. This is the ideal which Shestov refuses positively to state, because he is afraid it may prove in the end a trap to catch his own free spirit."

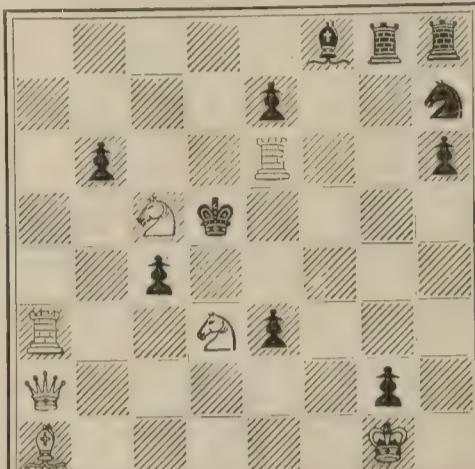
The book consists of a series of numerous little disconnected essays of varying length—some no longer than a few sentences—discussing philosophical ideas, especially in relation to Russian literature. It presupposes a knowledge of the works of Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Poushkin, and others, whose books, and characters occurring therein, are incidentally criticised; also German philosophers, such as Kant, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche.

The general impression which these essays and aphorisms leave on the mind is one of disintegration. They are certainly stimulating, and, with their frank scepticism, likely to act as a solvent of conventional notions. But they are at the same time vague and inconclusive. Like Socrates, to whom he is never tired of alluding, M. Shestov delights in challenging accepted tenets—religious, philosophical, and political—but he leaves his readers in doubt as to what he proposes to substitute for the ideas he desires to demolish. The attitude is probably deliberate, and typical of modern thought in Russia, where everything is in the melting-pot.

R. CARBY (Redruth).—Your problem would be very acceptable if only it had not been handled so often before. The theme of the two Knights with the King between them has been a favourite one with composers for the last fifty years.
E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—Will you please send your problem on a diagram? We cannot examine it without.
MR. W J BAIRD (Paignton).—We are only too pleased to have your name once more in our column. Many thanks.
N SANKARA AIYAR (Rajnagar, India).—We shall be pleased to examine your problems, but they should be submitted on diagrams.
O H LABONE.—K to Q 2nd seems to be a second solution of your problem.

PROBLEM No. 3841.—By A. M. SPARKE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3839.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. R takes P
2. Kt takes P (ch)
3. Kt to Q 3rd mate.

If Black play: 1. P takes R; 2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch); and if 1. Kt to B 6th, 2. P to B 4th (ch); and if 1. B takes P, then Kt takes P, etc.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3834 received from K D Ghose (Simla); of No. 3836 from S R Nicholson (Bombay); of No. 3838 from Henry A Seller (Denver, U.S.A.) and John F Wilkinson (Ramleh, Egypt); of No. 3839 from J C Stickhouse (Torquay), Jas. C Gemmill (Lossiemouth), H Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), H W Satow (Bangor), and J T Palmer (Church).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3840 received from P W Hunt (Bridgwater), W C D Smith (Northampton), H W Satow (Bangor), Leon Rylski (Belfast), Jas. C Gemmill, A II H (Bath), H Cockell (Penge), H Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), J C Stickhouse (Torquay), P Cooper (Clapham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J S Forbes (Brighton), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), and R J Lonsdale (New Brighton).

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played between Mr. R. GAUDIN and Dr. G. C. OSKAM in the Open Tournament at Bromley, to which the Brilliancy Prize was awarded.

(The Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Dr. O.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to R 4th (ch)
4. B to Q 2nd	Q to Kt 3rd
5. Kt to R 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd

If Q takes P, 6. Kt to B 4th wins straight away.

6. Kt to B 4th	Q to B 2nd
7. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th
8. Kt to R 3rd	P takes P
9. P takes P	

The position now reached is one we consider in Black's favour. White has two isolated Pawns on the Queen's wing which must prove a weakness later on, given equal play on both sides.

9. P to Q R 3rd	
10. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
11. Castles	P to K 3rd
12. Kt to B 2nd	P to Q 4th
13. P takes P	P takes P

He should have preserved the combination of his King's Pawn and played Kt takes P.

14. P to Q R 4th	P takes P
15. R takes P	B to K 2nd
16. B to K B 4th	Q to Kt 1nd

To open the rank for the Queen's passage across, but of no avail. There was, however, nothing better.

17. Kt to K 5th	Castles
18. R to K sq	B to Q 3rd
19. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
20. Kt to Q 4th	Q to Kt 3rd

The first step in the combination which earned the Brilliancy Prize.

21. B to K Kt 5th	B to Q 2nd
22. B takes Kt	

White's beautiful play from his 22nd move well deserves the honour it received at the hands of the judges.

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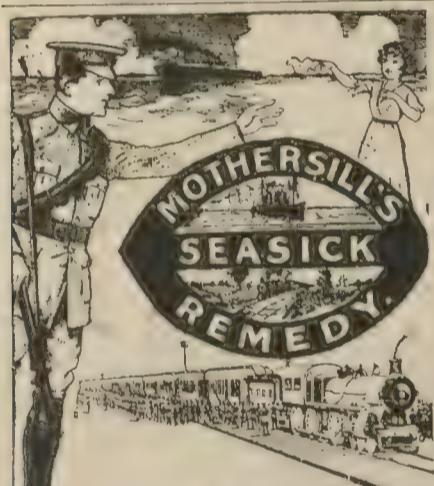
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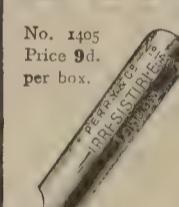
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Work of the A.A. At the annual general meeting of the Automobile Association, which was held on Wednesday of last week, the Chairman, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., was able to point to a year of excellent work for the motoring community. Every phase of its activity has been very greatly increased, and he claimed, with justice, that the Association had justified to the full its position as the premier road organisation of the country. Naturally, the main interest of his statement centred about recent happenings in Parliament, more particularly with reference to taxation. He was very anxious, he said, as to the future of the roads under the Ministry of Transport. More and more it is becoming essential to see that road users have fair play. More and more it is being found that the railways cannot possibly

fight which has recently taken place in the House of Commons on the subject of taxation. Sir William said that they had come to the strong conclusion that the proposals for a tax on horse-power instead of on petrol were thoroughly unfair and quite unjust, and were inefficient as providing any taxation in ratio to the user of the roads. They believed that the roads are a fair charge and a public benefit to the whole people or the country, and that payment for the highways should, as in the past be placed upon the whole community. They had been beaten in the fight, principally because the motoring community had not put forth its whole strength in this matter. He did not want motorists to create a tearing campaign throughout the country, but he did suggest that individual users of motor cars, whether they were members of the Association or not, should communicate with their members of Parliament on this and any other subject which affected the interests of motoring.

Want of Unity
the Trouble.

Sir William was undoubtedly right when he placed the responsibility for defeat in the House on the want of effort by the motoring community. The utter absence of any unity of thought and action is the despair of all who are able to see that its absence makes the whole body politic of automobilism fair game for the proposers of differential treatment of a progressive form of traction. No other transport would stand what the motorist takes lying down. The railways, the horse-owners, even the cycling

public would not put up with the discriminating taxation or the restrictive legislation which the motoring community accepts as a matter of course. We



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT MELBOURNE AGRICULTURAL SHOW: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IN THE CROSSLEY CAR USED THROUGHOUT HIS AUSTRALIAN TOUR.

Two 25-30-h.p. R.F.C. Crossley Touring Cars and one Landaulette were supplied for the use of the Prince and his suite while in Australia.

has put up anything like a real fight—and, like all who fight a lone hand, it has made itself extremely unpopular in Whitehall as a consequence. If all the rest had been as active the fight might have been equally lost, but at least the Government and the public would have realised that automobilism is a united movement, and there would have been no opportunity for stone-throwing. Instead, what have we seen? At every turn we have been told that the bulk of the motoring community are in favour of a form of taxation which is abhorrent on the actual figures to 98 per cent. of motor users.

There is one other point. In the House of Commons are a number of members who are prominently identified with the motor movement in some shape or form, either by reason of a direct connection with the industry or in some other way. Not a single one of them, with the sole exception of the Chairman of the A.A., has lifted his voice in any matter affecting

[Continued overleaf]



GRADIENT RARELY, IF EVER BEFORE, CLIMBED BY MOTOR-CAR. A NEW MODEL STRAKER-SQUIRE AT THE TOP OF COPPICE HILL, NEAR ACCRINGTON, LANCASHIRE.

The hill is part of the Hambledon Range. It rises from the Accrington-Burnley highway and is nearly half-a-mile in length. Its gradients are particularly steep, and the road surface consists of loose shale. The car made the ascent on first speed, with a full load, and finished the climb with the speedometer needle indicating 22 miles an hour.

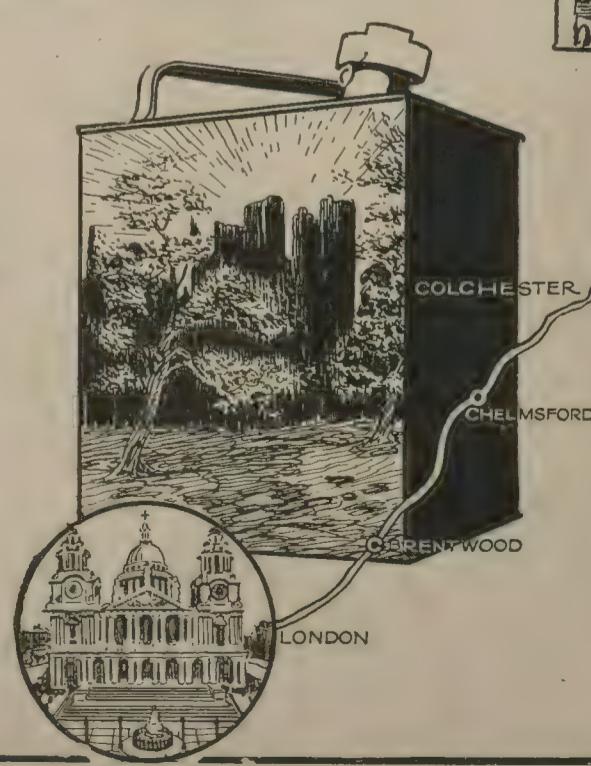
carry the traffic of the country, passenger or goods, and the natural consequence is that traffic is being increasingly forced to the roads. With regard to the

public, would not put up with the discriminating taxation or the restrictive legislation which the motoring community accepts as a matter of course. We

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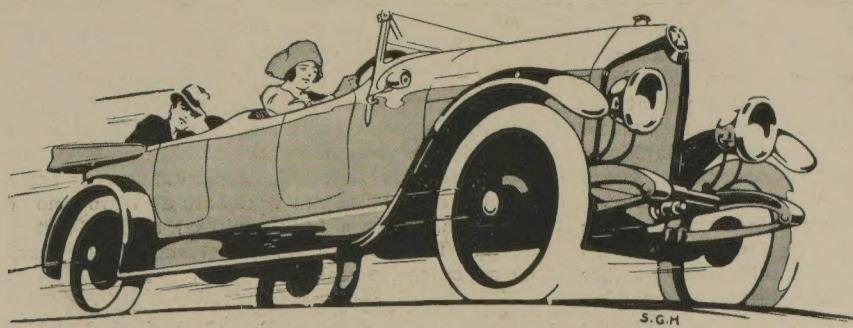
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"Having recently completed a fortnight's tour in Lakeland with four passengers I am writing to express my satisfaction with the 25/30 R.F.C. Crossley. Apart from the power and flexibility of the engine, which runs like a six, its speed on hills and smooth-running qualities, its

best feature, from a driver's point of view, is the comfortable driving position and ease of control—and from the passengers there was nothing but praise for the delightful suspension.

"The need for this was emphasised on the Doncaster-Wetherby road, the surface of which was appalling. During the 800-mile journey I only had to add one quart of oil to the engine, which speaks volumes for its efficiency.

"You are at liberty to make use of this letter in any way you wish."

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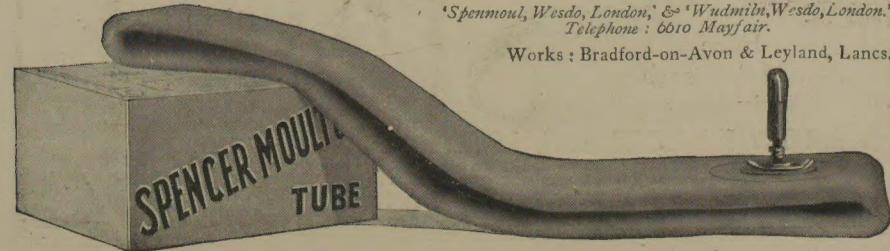
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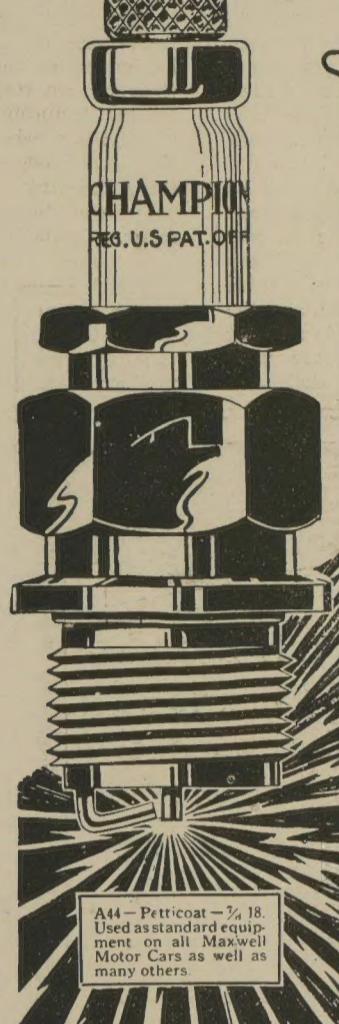
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Continued.
motoring and the motorist. Sir W. Joynson-Hicks has had to fight the battle absolutely "on his own." He has done it well, but it was perfectly obvious that the result must be a negative one. It simply remains to express the hope that when the next General Election comes round, the motoring constituents of these members will want to know why these things have been.

On the Road with a Crossley. Messrs. Crossley Motors, Ltd., were good enough the other day to place a post-war 25-30-h.p. touring car at my disposal for an extended road-trial. The route I chose was from London to Folkestone and back—a fair average give-and-take road, with nothing very severe in the way of hills, but quite enough thoroughly to demonstrate the car in all its qualities. As a result of the trial I may say at once that I have no adverse criticism to make on any single count. The engine was silent at all speeds and developed plenty of power, being very flexible as well. The gear ratios are well calculated, and the operation of the change-speed mechanism is all that can be desired. What impressed me more than anything, however, was the perfectly delightful

steering qualities of the car. I have never driven a car of the class which was so easy to control and gave one so little sense of effort or fatigue. My day's run was close upon two hundred miles, yet at the close I felt as though I could have gone on for at least an equal distance. The steering must be exquisitely designed and equally well put together to achieve a result which I can only describe as remarkable.

The car is exceedingly comfortable to ride in. The body-work is well finished and impresses one as having been designed by a practical motorist rather than by a coach-builder whose ideas are bounded by the limitations of his craft. Further, the suspension is very good, which is a strong recommendation nowadays when road surfaces call for something exceptional in the way of springing. All round I make out the Crossley to be a car of outstanding merit. Of course, it is impossible to say, as the result of a couple of hundred miles' run, how a car is going to stand up to continuous use. All one can discuss is the actual behaviour on the day. In the case of the Crossley, however, it is possible to point to the high reputation of the firm responsible for its production, and leave it at that.

Timken Roller Bearings.

Under the style and title of British Timken, Ltd., a new, all-British company has just been formed to take over the manufacture of the well-known Timken roller bearings in this country, formerly carried on by the Electric and Ordnance Accessories Co., Ltd. The capital is fixed at £50,000, and the head office and works are at Ward End, Birmingham, where a fully equipped modern factory is already in existence, manufacturing these bearings on an extensive scale.

The Michelin Guide Re-Issued.

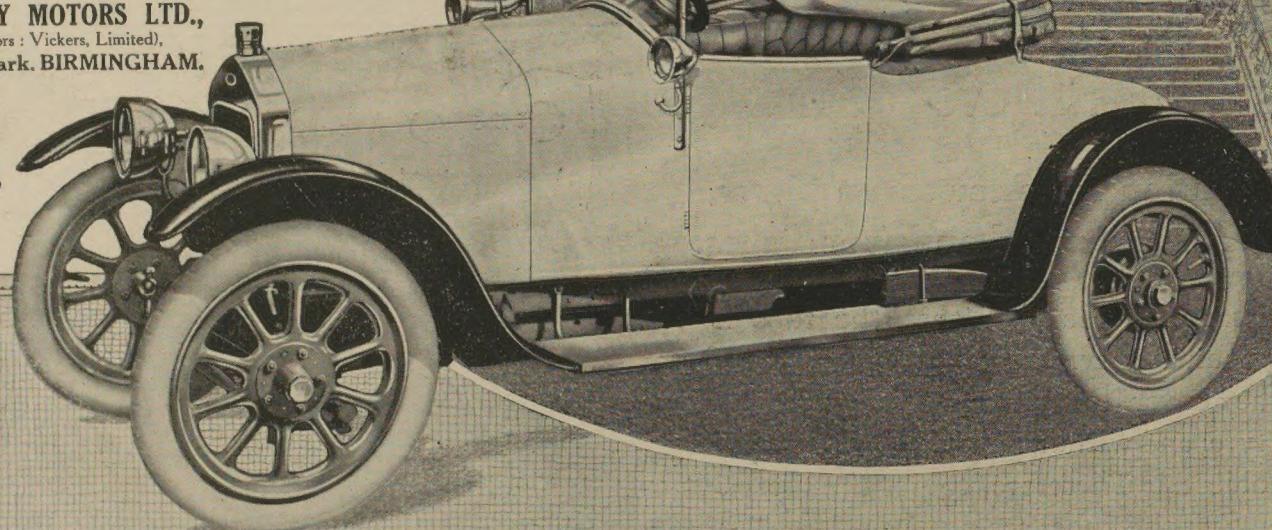
Before the war, the Michelin Guide, published by the makers of the tyre of that name, was adjudged to be the best work of its kind extant. Therefore the news that a 1920 edition has been published and is now available for purchase—the price is five shillings—will be welcome to a very large number of motorists. The new edition exactly follows the lines of its predecessors, though, of course, it has been brought up to date and contains a great deal of new matter. No more useful book can be carried on the car when touring. W. W.

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TOMATO SOUP.—Boil a quart of water in a saucepan, add 2 oz. well-washed sago, one grated carrot and one sliced onion. Boil all together for an hour. Add a pint of tinned tomatoes, boil for 20 minutes, season with pepper and salt and a teaspoonful of sugar. Rub through a sieve, and return to the saucepan to re-heat. Prepare white sauce as above, put into a tureen and add the soup gradually. Serve with snippets of toast.

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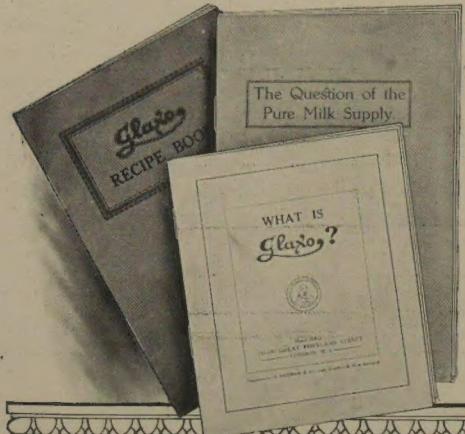
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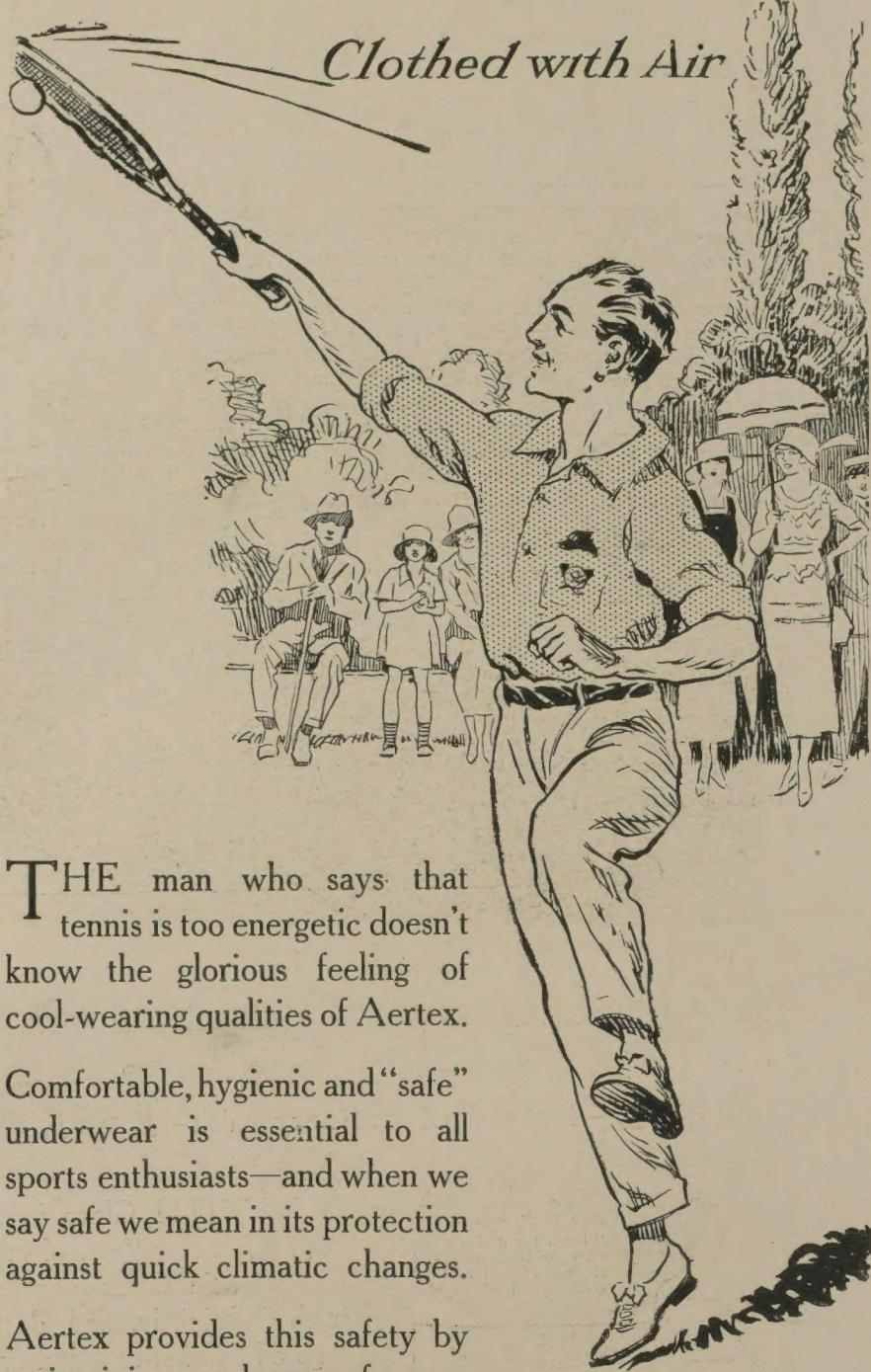
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